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AUGUST 10¢

LOONEY TUNES

Merrie Melodies

A 52 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE

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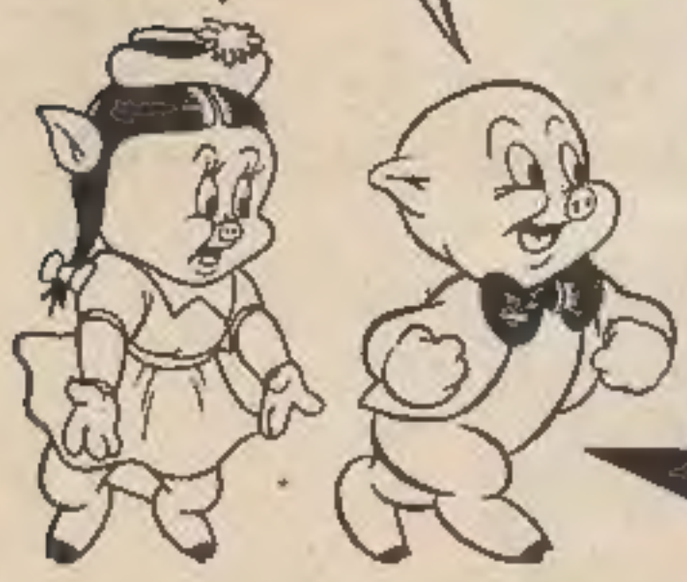
PETUNIA & PORKY



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LOONEY TUNES AND MERRIE MELODIES, No. 130, August, 1952. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Chicago advertising office, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 9, 1941, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Subscriptions in the U.S.A., $1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, $2.00 per year; Canadian subscriptions $1.20 per year. Copyright 1952, by Warner Bros. Cartoons, Inc. All rights reserved throughout the world.

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WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

present

BUGS BUNNY

HO, HUM! I'LL SLEEP THROUGH THIS FASHION STUFF IN THE NEWSREEL!

...AND AT MY FALL SHOWING, I WEEL PRESENT MY LATEST INNOVATION... ***RABBIT-EAR MUFFS!*** OOOH, LA, LA!

HUH? EAR MUFFS FOR US RABBITS? SWELL IDEA!

NEXT WINTER MILLIONS OF ZE LOVELY LADIES WEEL BE WEARING MUFFS MADE OF SOFT RABBIT EARS!

MADE...OF RABBIT EARS!

(GULP) OH NO-O!

THIS HAS BEEN A SHIPBOARD INTERVIEW WITH ALPHONSE, WORLD FAMOUS STYLIST, SOON TO ARRIVE IN THIS COUNTRY!

OH, BUT THAT'S AWFUL! LEMME OUTA HERE!

L•M #130 - 628

WHY, IF THOSE MUFFS BECOME THE STYLE... A POOR BUNNY WON'T BE ABLE TO CALL HIS EARS HIS OWN!

NOW

AND WHEN IT COMES TO FASHIONS... WHAT THAT ALPHONSE FELLER SAYS... **IS IT!**

(GASP)...BUT IT'S NOT FAIR!

US RABBITS ARE DOOMED... UNLESS I CAN MAKE THAT FASHION DICTATOR SEE OUR SIDE OF THINGS!

LATER...

HE DIDN'T COME OFF WITH THE OTHER PASSENGERS...I'LL TRY TO CATCH HIM IN HIS STATEROOM!

YES? IS EET ZE STEWARD?

KNOCK! KNOCK!

NOPE, DOC! (COUGH, COUGH!) JUST ONE OF THE POOR CONDEMNED RABBITS YOU WANNA MAKE MUFFS OUT OF!

!

LOOK AT ME! INNOCENT! HELPLESS! AND YOU... YOU WANNA TAKE AWAY MY EARS!

I MERELY CREATE ZE NEW MUFF DESIGN!

'SCUSE PLEEZ! NOW I MUST BE GOING ASHORE!

OH, BROTHER! THE SYMPATHY GAG ISN'T WORKING! I'LL HAVE TO TRY ANOTHER STRADGEDY!

HOLD IT, MAESTRO...IF YA WANNA LEARN A FEW THINGS ABOUT RABBIT EARS! (BLUB, BLUB!)

?

TAKE A SQUINT HOW THEY LOOK IF YOU GET 'EM CAUGHT OUT IN THE RAIN!

!

AND THAT'S NOT ALL! WHEN THEY DRY OUT...

...LOOK WHAT YOU GET!

OH, HORRORS!

BUT WAIT, M'SIEUR RABBIT! NO FUR MAKES ZE GOOD MUFF UNTIL EET HAS BEEN CURED!

HUH?

AND YOU HAVE NOT BEEN!

DON'T SAY THAT, DOC! AGH! OOH! OW! THE PAINS!

HUH?

BUT SUDDENLY... I'M ALL OKAY AGAIN!

HOORAY! I'M CURED!

SEE, MAESTRO! CURED...RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES! HEH, HEH! BUT I'M STILL NOT FIRST-CLASS MUFF STUFF!

BAH!

EET IS ALL SO SILLEE-EE... BUT MAYBE...

NO, ALFY! NOT THAT DOOR! I MUSTA LEFT THE...

HA-ALP! ZE SHIP! SHE IS SEENKING!

WAIT, DOC! IT'S JUST...

SLAM!

TO ZEE LIFEBOATS! WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST...AFTER ME!

!

TSK! TSK! WHAT AN IMPULSIVE GENT!

TOOLS FOR EMERGENCIES

HA, HA, HA! WHAT BIT HIM?

MAYBE ALPHONSE IS SHOWING A NEW STYLE!

WHAT? WE ARE NOT SEENKING!

THAT'S RIGHT, WE'RE NOT!

OH!

YOU CAN CLIMB OUT OF YOUR LIFEBELT, NEPTUNE... I TURNED THE FAUCET OFF!

FAUCET?

HEH, HEH! IT SPILLED OVER A LITTLE...BUT THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF THE PUDDLE VERY NICELY!

AVAST, MEN! A STORM'S COME UP!... (GLUB, BLUB)

RABBIT! YOU DRIVE ME TO ZE DISTRACTIONS! TO PIECES... I HATE YOU!

WELL, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT... (GULP) ...I'LL GO!

WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S THE SWAB THAT SCUTTLED ME?

THERE HE GOES! STOP HEEM! HE IS ZE **STOWAWAY!**

?

OH, NO, YOU DON'T, SHORTY!

TRYING TO GET INTO THE COUNTRY ILLEGALLY, EH?

I'M NO STOWAWAY, FELLAS!

I SNEAKED ABOARD RIGHT HERE AT THE DOCK! I'M A **LOCAL CITIZEN** RABBIT!

MISTER ALPHONSE SAYS DIFFERENT!

TO THE BRIG WITH HIM!

THE BRIG?

RIGHT! THIS SHIP TAKES STOWAWAYS BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM!

HO, HO! NOW I SHALL **ENJOY** MY STAY IN THIS COUNTRY! THAT RABBIT WON'T BE HERE!

SO THAT'S IT!

HUMPH! LOOK AT HIM PRETENDIN' HE'S INNOCENT, MATEY... WHEN **HE'S** THE ONE THAT WAS TRYING TO SMUGGLE ME IN!

HUH?

GET IT, CAP? WHY, IF HE PUTS OVER THAT MUFF IDEA OF HIS... US RABBITS WILL BE WORTH OUR WEIGHT IN BUTTER!

SO THAT'S YOUR GAME, ALPHONSE!

EEK!

AND SO...

BUT I **MUST** GET ASHORE... TO ZE BIG SALON! THEY ARE WAITING FOR MY NEW DESIGNS!

YOU...YOU...RABBIT! THIS IS ALL **YOUR** FAULT! NOW NOBODY WILL GET TO SEE MY NEW BEAUTIFUL CREATIONS!

...NOT UNLESS YOU LAY OFF US BUNNIES, MAESTRO!

PROMISE YOU'LL JUNK YOUR MUFF IDEA...AND I'LL SPRING YOU OUTA THIS JOINT!

I AM ZE ARTISTE! I PROMISE NOTHING!

BUT YOU HAVE GIVE TO ME A GREAT IDEA! YOU WEEL HELP... WE WEEL PLOT OUR ESCAPE! OUI!

WE?

SHORTLY...

QUICK, M'SIEUR! COME SEE ZE RABBIT! SOMETHING IS WRONG WEETH HEEM!

HUH? OKAY... I'LL HAVE A LOOK!

WELL, WELL! NOW SOMETHING IS WRONG WEETH YOU, TOO!

BONG!

NOT SO HARD, ALFY!

CLUNK!

I AM FREE! FREE! HEH, HEH ... AND THAT INCLUDES THE SILL-EE RABBITS!

CLICK!

HEY! OOF! (PUFF, PUFF) DONT LOCK THE DOOR YET, ALFY!

OH, GOSH! WITH THIS HUMAN LAP ROBE ON TOP OF ME... ALFY MUST'VE NOT REALIZED I WAS STILL IN HERE!

TWEET! TWEET!

AND HE FORGOT HIS DESIGNS!

WOW! HE'S GOTTA HAVE THEM FOR HIS STYLE SHOW!

SAY! IF I CAN SAVE THE DAY FOR HIM...OH, BOY! HE'LL BE SO GRATEFUL HE'D PROMISE ANYTHING!

ONE MINUTE LATER.

HELP! THE PRISONERS SLUGGED ME... AND LOCKED ME IN HERE!

WE'LL GET YOU OUT, FELLA!

SAY, THAT'S STEVE IN THERE!

HANDLE ME GENTLY, CHUMS! I'M SENSITIVE!

HEY! HE'S TALKING BUT HIS MOUTH ISN'T MOVING!

HUH?

OW!

HE'S HAUNTED!

DON'T DROP HIM ON ME AGAIN, KIDS. I'LL GO QUIETLY!

THE RABBIT!

AND FAST!

HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

IMPORTANT PAPERS, MATEY! GOTTA TAKE 'EM TO...

...OW! THE STRING BUSTED!

UH, OH! ALFY'S NEW STYLES... SPREAD ALL OVER THE OCEAN!

(MOAN)...NOW HE'LL REALLY DECLARE WAR ON US RABBITS!

BUT SAY...MAYBE I COULD DOPE UP SOME DRAWINGS! MAYBE HE WOULDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE! HMMM..

HEH, HEH! IF IT TAKES WILD IDEAS TO BE A STYLE EXPERT... BROTHER, I GOT 'EM!

AND THESE DESIGNS DON'T CALL FOR ANY POOR BUNNY'S EARS, EITHER!

LET'S LOOK IN ON ALPHONSE AT THE SALON...

OO-O-OH! MY LOVELY DESIGNS! IF ONLY I CAN REMEMBER... HOW CAN I THINK... WHEN ZE POLICE MAY BE HERE AT ANY MOMENT!

IT IS ALMOST TIME FOR THE SHOWING AND WE HAVE NOT EVEN STARTED ON YOUR NEW CREATIONS!

WE CANNOT... UNTIL YOU TELL US WHAT THEY ARE TO BE!

ONE...I REMEMBER! MAKE ME ZE MUFF...LIKE SO...AND SO...OF RABBIT EARS!

DID SOMEBODY SAY RABBIT EARS?

I WAS JUST GOING TO TOSS THIS PEST BACK OUT, BUT..

HIM! ZE CAUSE OF ALL MY TROUBLES!

A FINE WAY TO TALK AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE I HAD BRINGING YOU YOUR DRAWINGS!

MY DESIGNS? WHERE? WHERE?

NO DOC! YOU DON'T GET 'EM TILL YOU SIGN THIS PAPER!

HUH? "I, ALPHONSE, DO HEREBY RENOUNCE, DENOUNCE AND FORGET ALL RABBIT-EAR MUFF IDEAS.. FOREVER!"

OH...ALL RIGHT, I'LL SIGN! I'LL SIGN!

SWELL! NOW I'LL BRING IN YOUR DESIGNS!

WH-WHAT? ARE THESE HATS THE NEW...?

WHIP THEM TOGETHER ZE BEST WAY YOU CAN, LADIES! I MUST GET SOME REST!

WHAT MATERIALS DO WE NEED, SARAH?

FLOWER POTS! SOUP BOWLS! STRING! MOSQUITO NETTING! AND FOUR BUSHELS OF CARROTS!

FINALLY! THE BIG FASHION SHOW...

THE MODELS ARE WEARING YOUR...ER... CREATIONS, MISTER ALPHONSE!

WE FOLLOWED YOUR DESIGNS EXACTLY!

BUT...THESE ARE NOT MY DRAWINGS!

THEY ARE...JUST CARROTS! CARROTS! CARROTS!

ANYWAY WE'RE USIN THE BEST MATERIALS EH, DOC?

YOU.. YOU TRICK ME! YOU HAVE RUIN ME.. NOW I RUIN YOU!

PLEASE! LET'S NOT BE HASTY!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

EXQUISITE!

ALPHONSE HAS DONE IT AGAIN!

?

SO UNUSUAL! SO... ER...AGRICULTURAL!

BUT THEY **MUST BE** THE LATEST THING, MY DEAR! ALPHONSE CREATIONS YOU KNOW!

SO DIFFERENT! NO TWO CARROTS ALIKE!

I MUST HAVE ALPHONSE CREATE ONE FOR ME!

I WANT ONE!

SO DO I!

OO, LA, LA! OUI, MADAME! GLADLY MADEMOISELLE YES MISSUS UPDOWN

PSSTT!

?

BUT YOU'LL NEVER GO HUNGRY!

CHOMP! CHOMP!

TAKE IT FROM ME, GALS! WITH CARROT HATS, YOU CAN'T LOSE! YOU MAY NOT ALWAYS **BE STYLISH...**

WARNER BROS CARTOONS, INC. present

Tweety and SYLVESTER

MY! MY! JUST LOOK AT ALL THAT YUMMICKY FOOD!

SEEMS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TWUE ...

...'SPECIALLY WHEN IT LEADS AROUND THAT FENCE!

OH, HO! I TOUGHT I TAW A PUDDY TAT... AND I DO!

AFTER ALL THE WORK HE WENT TO I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT HIM!

HEH, HEH! HE'S PECK.N' IN THIS DIRECTION, ALL RIGHT... IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

PECK PECK

YEOW!

SINCE WHEN HAS CATS STARTED EATIN' CORN?

WELL... ER...

YOU STICK TO YOUR FOOD AND LET US CHICKENS ALONE! GET ME?

(GULP)

DOGGONIT! I MUST BE LOSIN ME TOUCH! SEEMS LIKE I CAN'T CATCH ***ANYTHING*** ANY MORE!

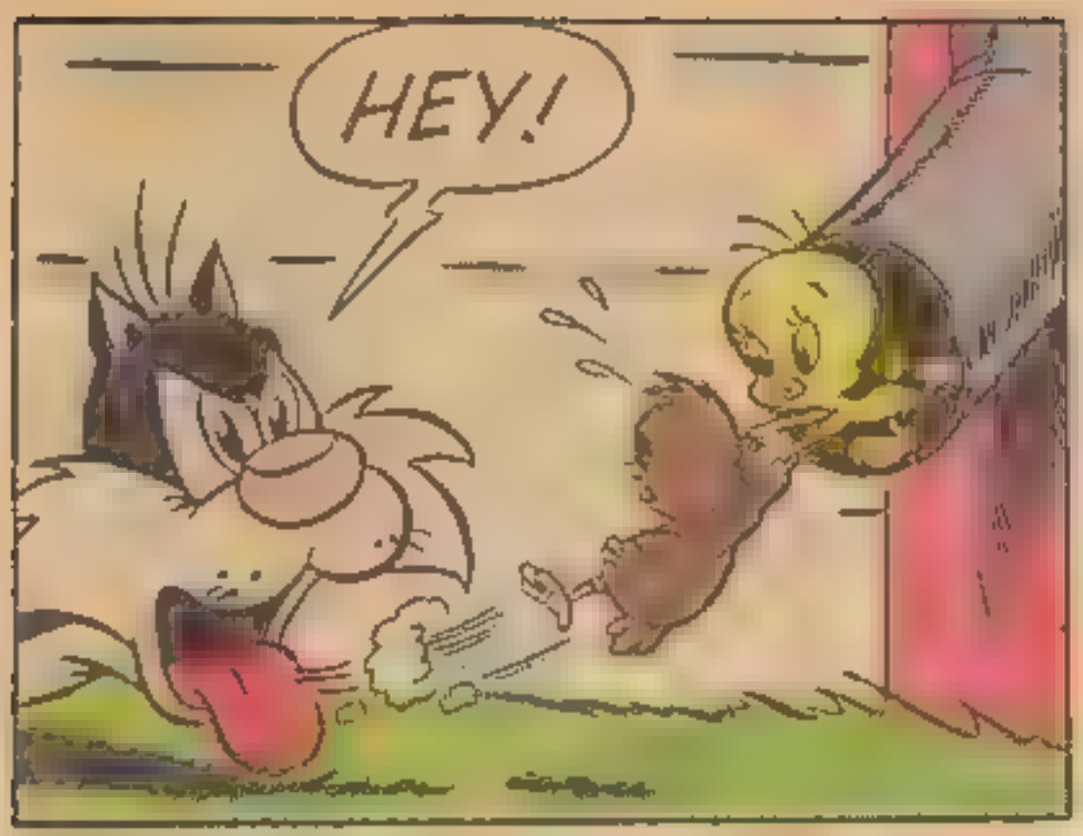
BABY CHICKS!.. HMM.... JUST TO GET ME CONFIDENCE BACK, I'LL SEE IF I CAN CATCH ONE OF ***THEM***!

I MUST KEEP A LOOKOUT FOR THAT TOUGH ROOSTER!

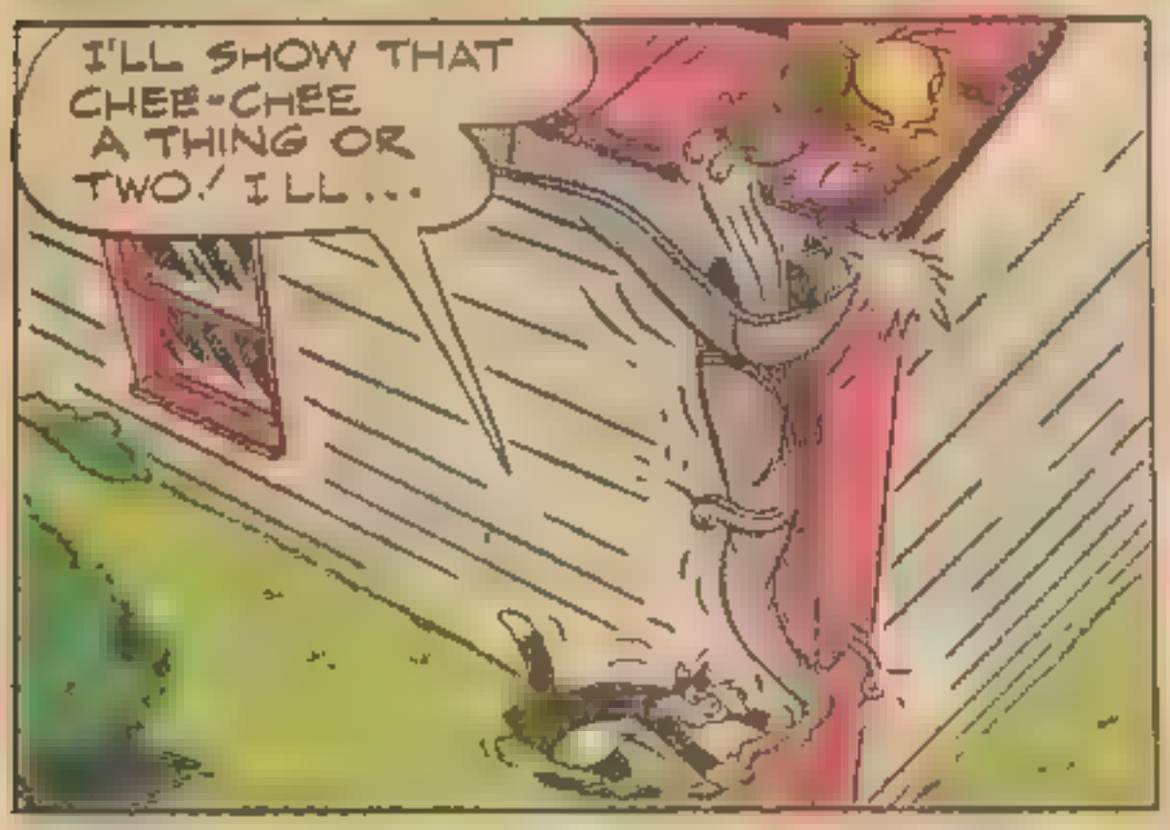
I'LL PROVE TO THE WORLD THAT OL' SYLVESTER P. PUSSYCAT IS STILL A SMARTY!

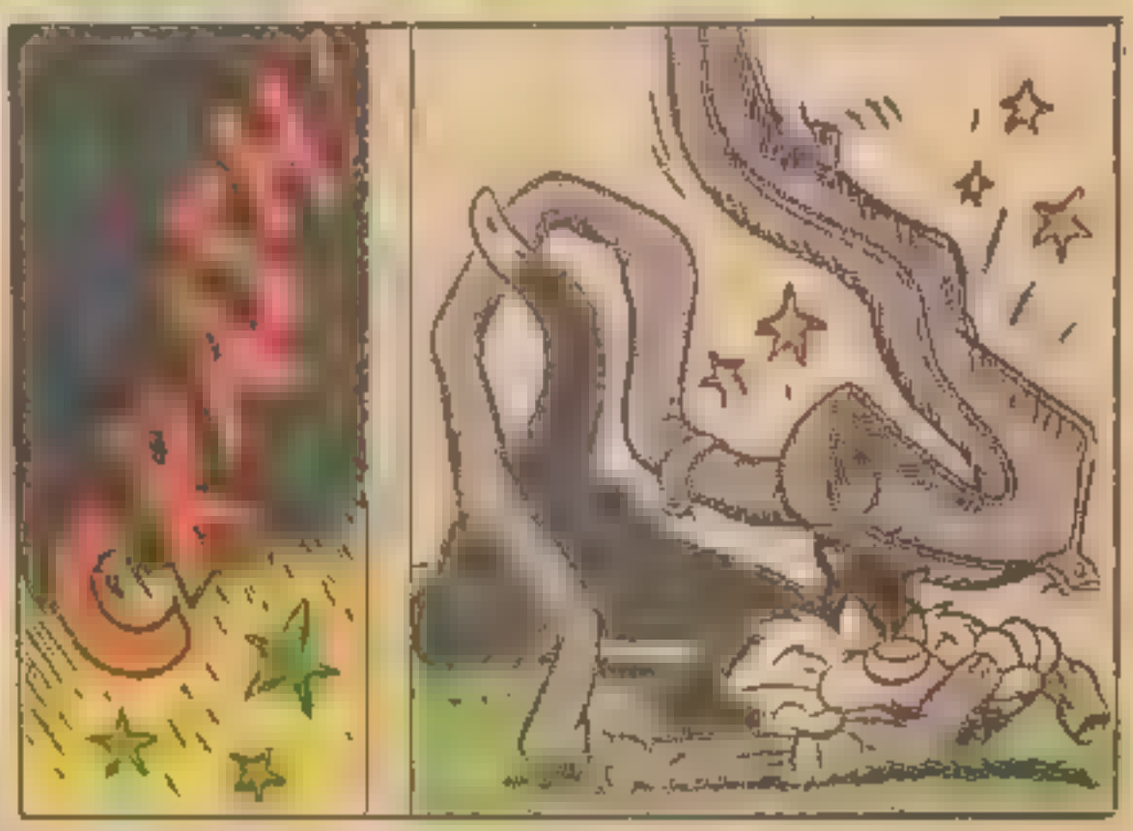
POOR LITTLE CHICK... HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT NAUGHTY PUDDY TATS!

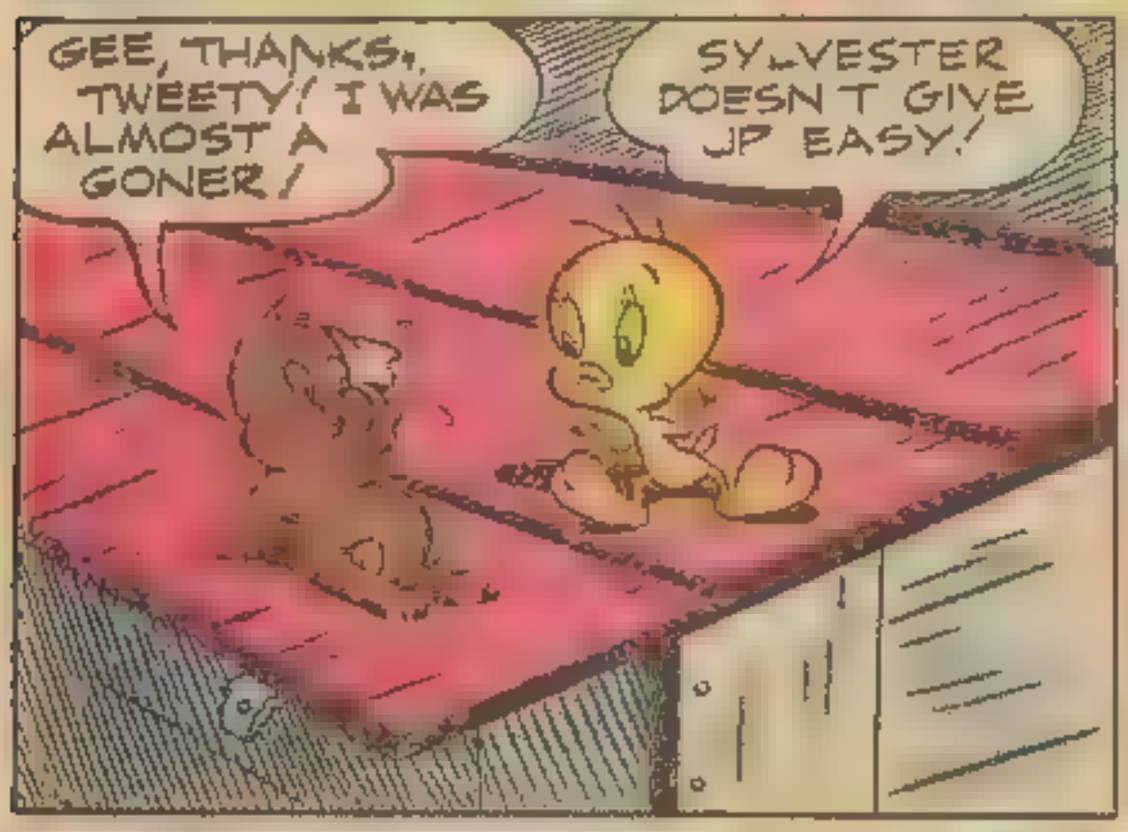
STEP RIGHT UP, ME LITTLE CHICKADEE!

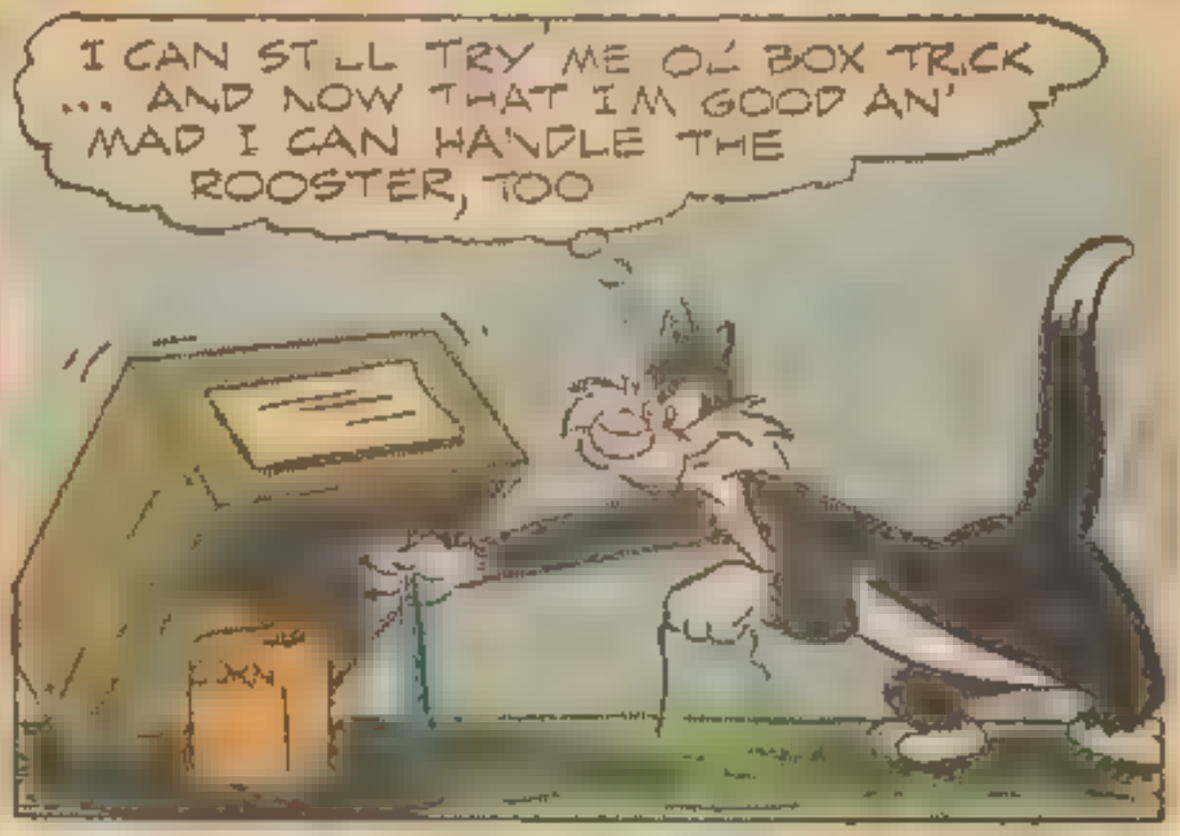

HEY!

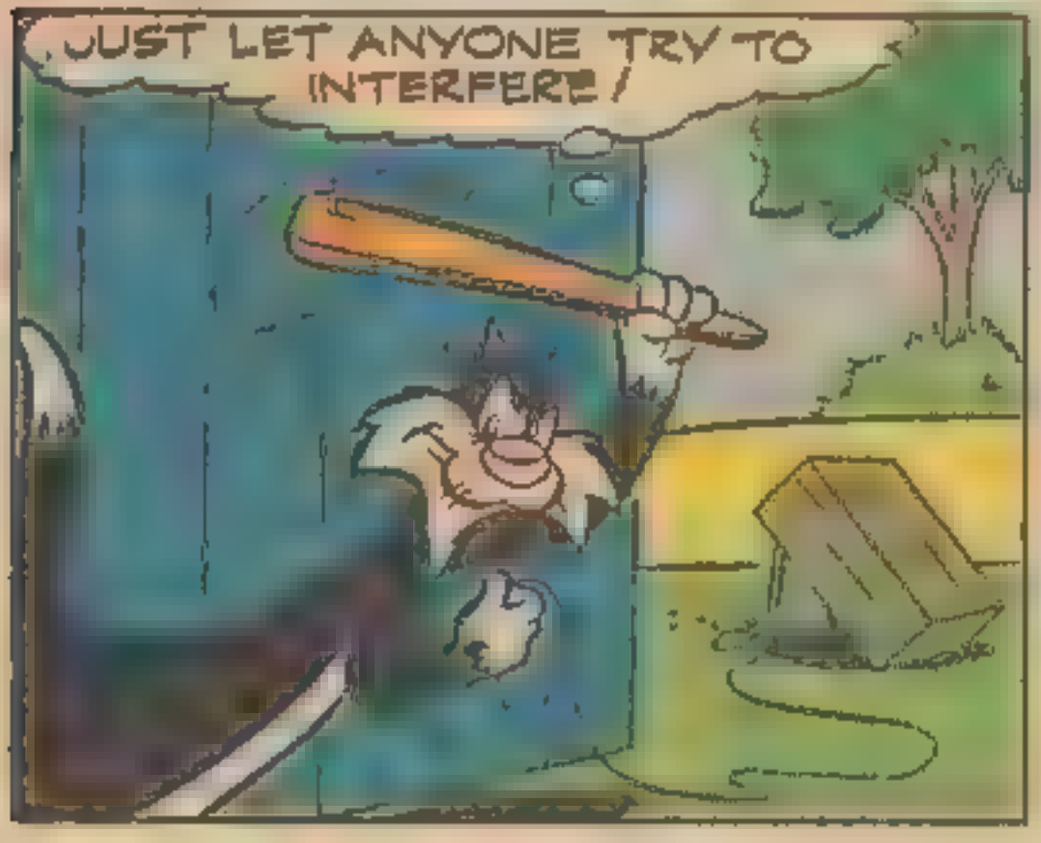
TWEETY! COME BACK! THAT'S NO FAIR!

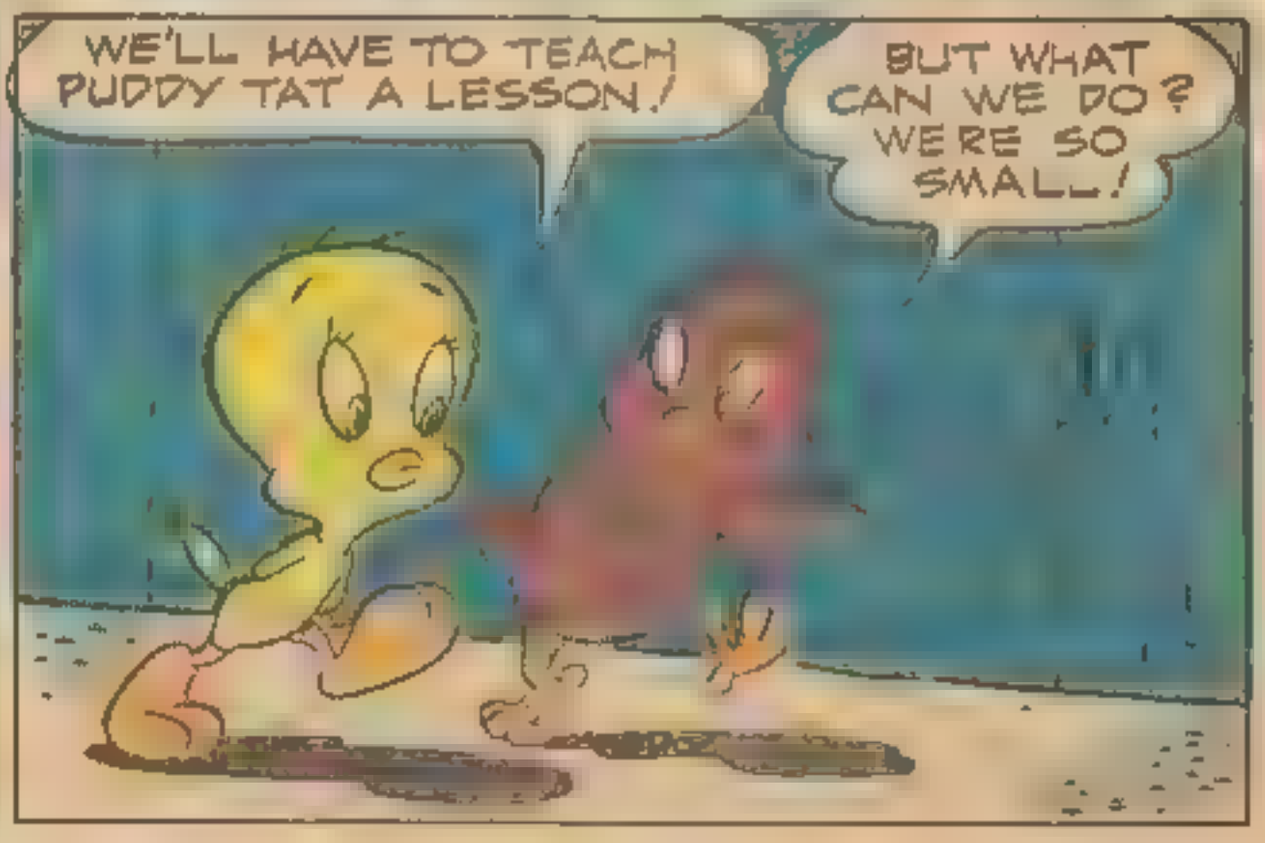

I'LL SHOW THAT CHEE-CHEE A THING OR TWO! I LL...




GEE, THANKS, TWEETY! I WAS ALMOST A GONER!
SYLVESTER DOESN T GIVE UP EASY!


I CAN ST LL TRY ME OL BOX TRICK ... AND NOW THAT I M GOOD AN' MAD I CAN HANDLE THE ROOSTER, TOO


JUST LET ANYONE TRY TO INTERFERE!


WE'LL HAVE TO TEACH PUDDY TAT A LESSON!
BUT WHAT CAN WE DO? WE'RE SO SMALL!

IF ALL US LITTLE FELLOWS STICK TOGETHER, WE CAN BE BIG!

AT LEAST OUR VOICES CAN BE BIG!

?

SEE!

THIS IS A SWELL IDEA! YOU GO GET A FEW OF YOUR BROTHERS!

RIGHT!

SHORTLY...

AH, HA! NOW I'VE GOT MYSELF A LITTLE CHICK! HEH, HEH!

SLAM!

I SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE!

PUDDY TAT YOU'D BETTER PUT THAT LITTLE CHICK DOWN... OR I'LL TELL!

HUH?

YOU'LL TELL WHAT?

I'LL TELL THE GIANT ROOSTER, I WILL!

HE'S RIGHT BEHIND THAT FENCE!

GIANT ROOSTER! HA! THIS I'LL HAVE TO SEE!

OH, MISTER GIANT, A PUDDY TAT HERE HAS A POOR LITTLE BABY CHICK!

HEH, HEH!

GROWF! LET ME AT THAT MISERABLE CAT! I'LL TEAR HIM APART!

YEEK! WHAT A HORRIBLE VOICE!

IF I HADN'T HEARD IT WITH ME OWN EARS, I NEVER WOULD OF BELIEVED IT!

NEVER IN ME BORN DAYS HAVE I HEARD ANYTHING SO FERCE!

HALP!

AW, POOR PUDDY TAT... HE WON'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP NIGHTS THINKING ABOUT...

...US GIANTS, EH, FELLOWS?

HA, HA! HO! HO! HO!

HEE, HEE!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.
Present

PORKY PIG

THIS IS THE L-LAST TIME I'LL B-BEAT A RUG BY HAND!

WAF

I'M G-GOING TO BUY A V-VACUUM CLEANER, AND...

GOTCHA!

HONEY!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, SLUGGER!

CICERO! C-CAN'T YOU SEE I'M WORK NG? TH S ,S NO T ME FOR TR CKS!

SORRY, PORKY! I WAS JUST PLAYING JUNIOR G-MAN!

GET THESE H-HANDCUFFS OFF AND THEN YOU CAN PLAY "JUNIOR RUG BEATER" FOR THE REST OF THE M-MORNING!

SCREECH!

JEEPERS! LOOK AT THAT GJY SK D HIS CAR TO A STOP RIGHT N FRONT OF OUR HOUSE :

LET'S GO SEE WHAT HE WA-WANTS!

HEY, BOYS! I'M OUT OF GAS! MY CAR WON'T START!

HE STOPPED AWFUL QUCK TO BE OUT OF GAS, PORKY!

WHIRR.. WHIRR..

WHIR-R...

WOULD YOU BE KIND ENOUGH TO LEND ME YOUR HOSE?

H-HOSE! I THOUGHT YOU SA.D YOU RAN OUT OF G-GAS!

I DID! I ALWAYS USE WATER IN MY GAS TANK!

WA-WATER?

I NEVER HEARD OF THAT BEFORE, BUT I'LL GET THE HOSE!

I WANTED TO KEEP MY INVENTION SECRET, BUT SINCE YOU LOOK LIKE A NICE LAD..

?

I W.LL SHOW IT TO YOU!

PORKY, I DON'T LIKE TH S GLY'S LOOKS...

S-STOP WHISPERING! IT'S IMPOLITE!

THIS IS MY MAGIC FLUID, "GASO"! BUT FIRST WE MUST FILL MY GAS TANK WITH WATER!

OKAY.. F-FILL THE GAS TANK, C'CERO!

MY JUNIOR G-MAN TRA.N.NG TELLS ME HE'S A PHONY!

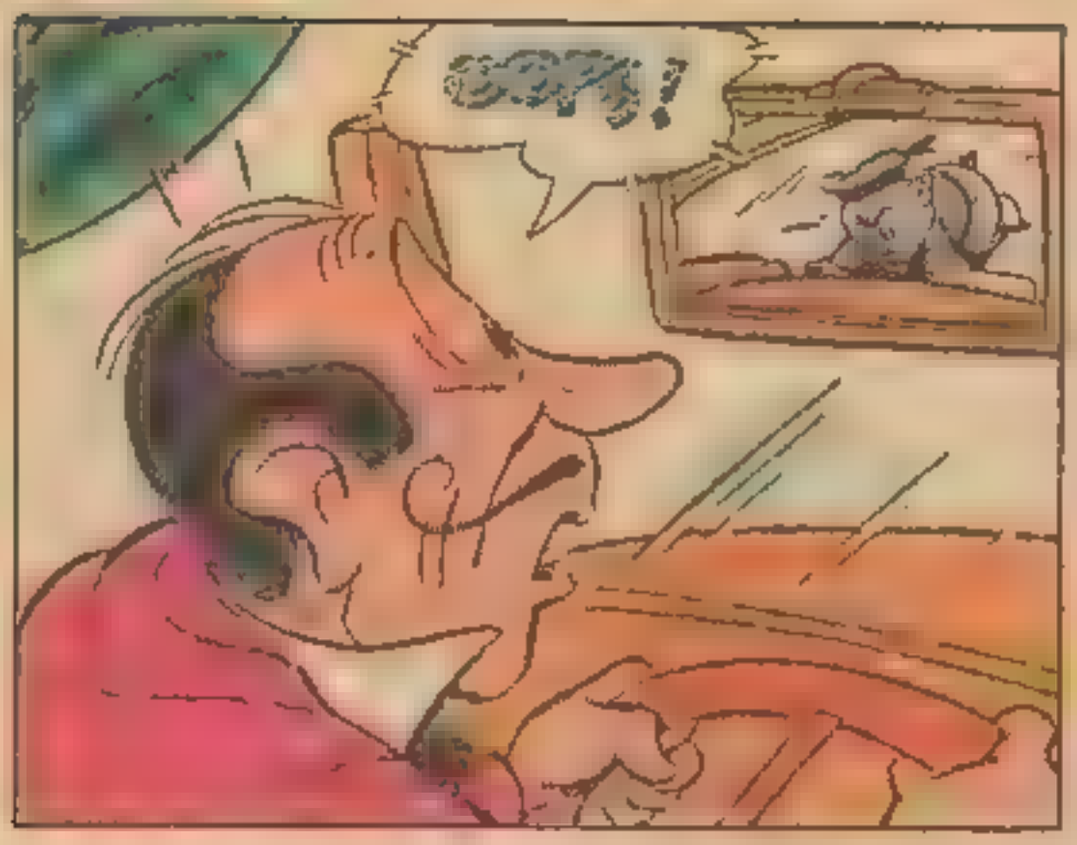
47-6

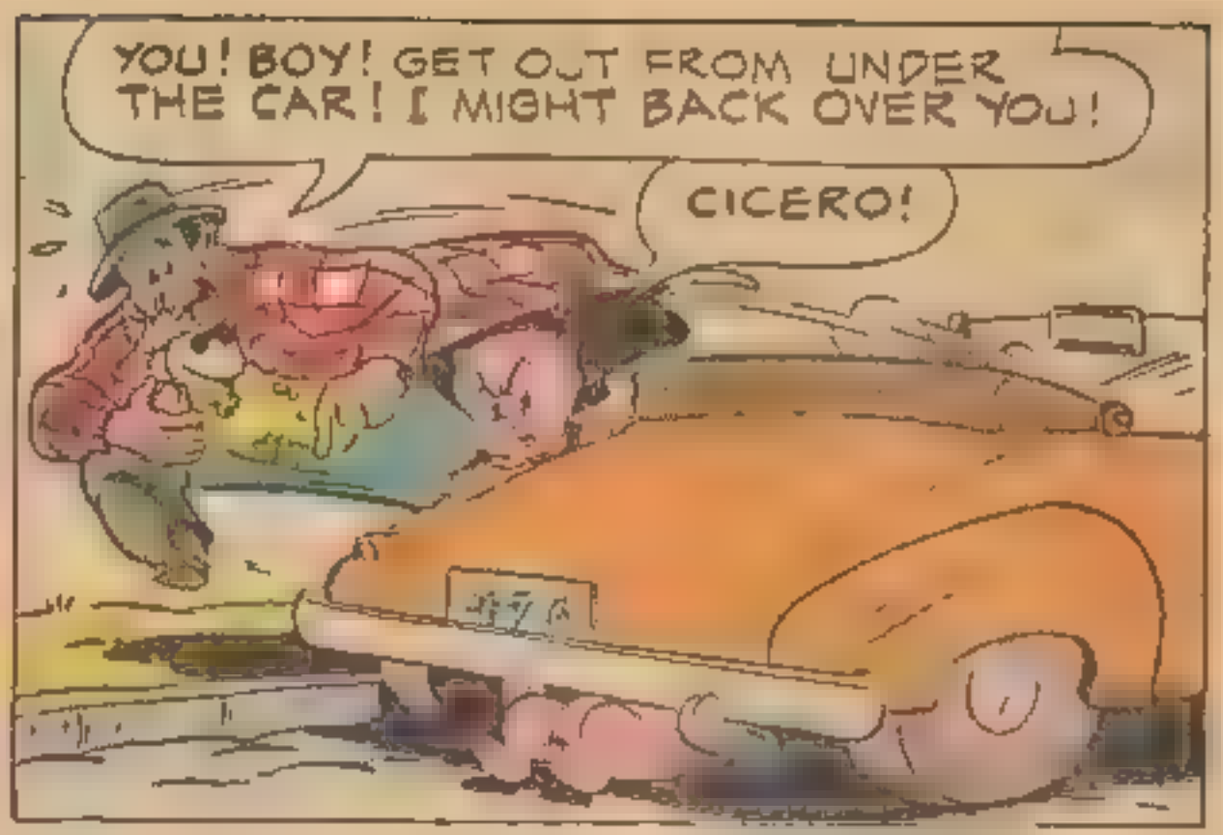
NOW WE SIMPLY ADD TWO DROPS OF MY GREAT INVENTION, "GASO AND PRESTO... WE HAVE A FULL TANK OF GASOLINE!

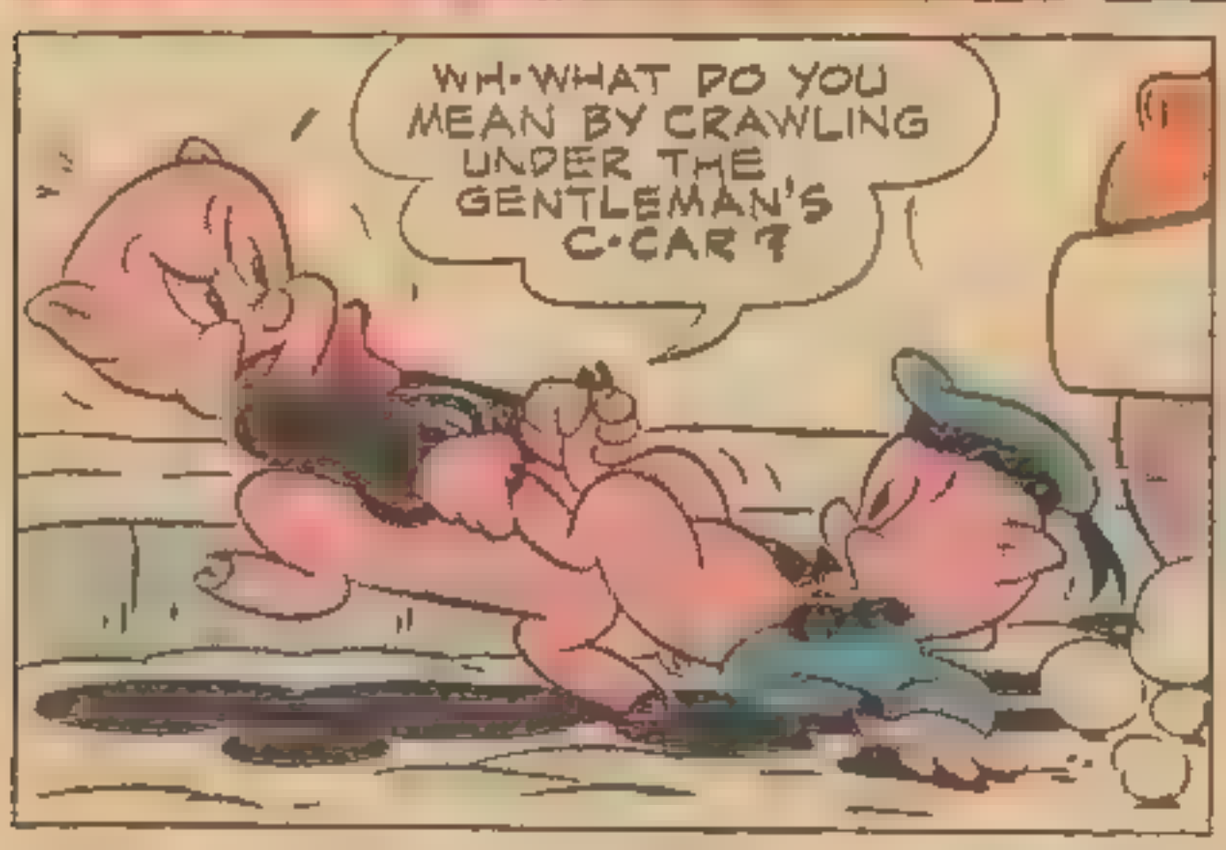
PLINK! PLINK!

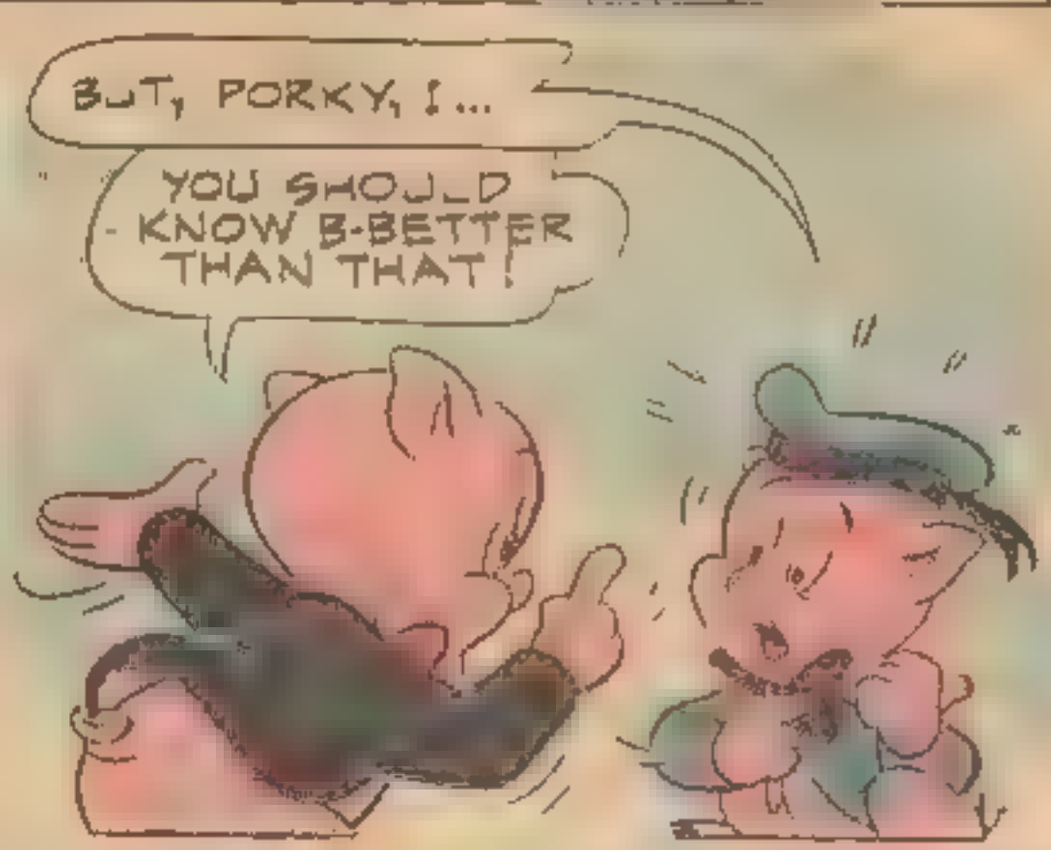
NOW I WANT YOU TO HEAR THIS ENGINE PURR LIKE A KITTEN!

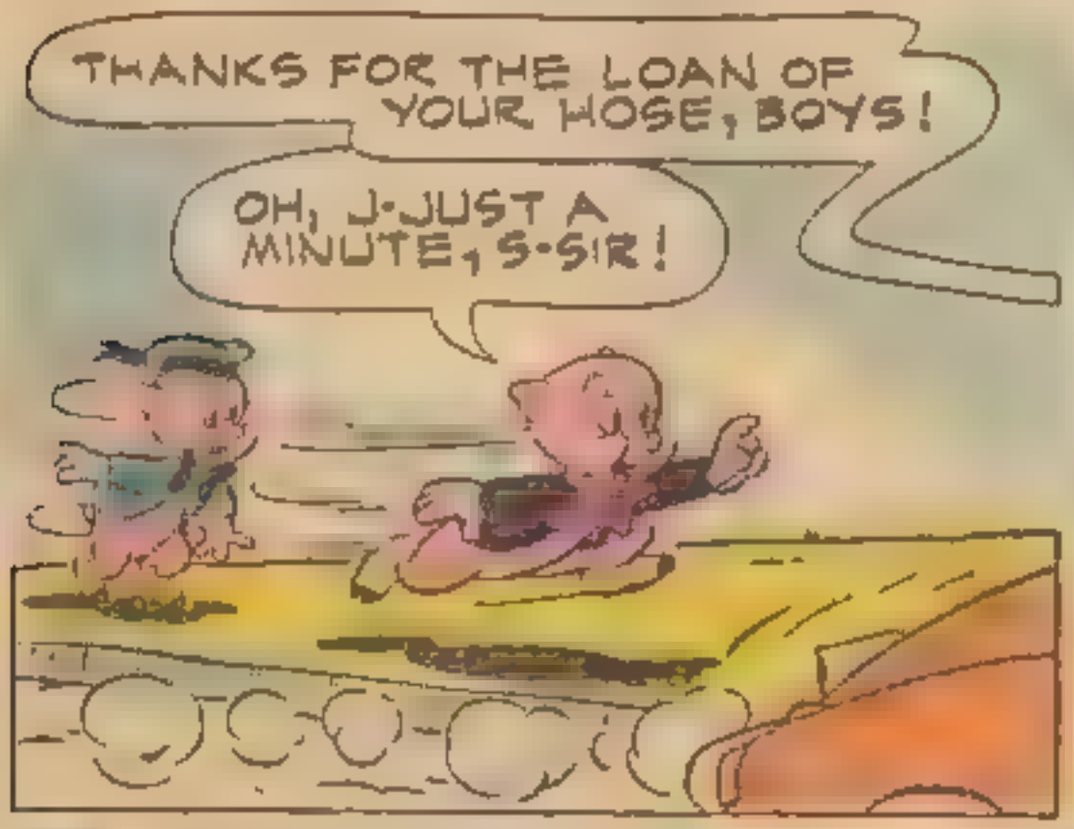
MY JUNIOR G-MAN TRAINING TELLS ME TO LOOK UNDER THIS CAR!

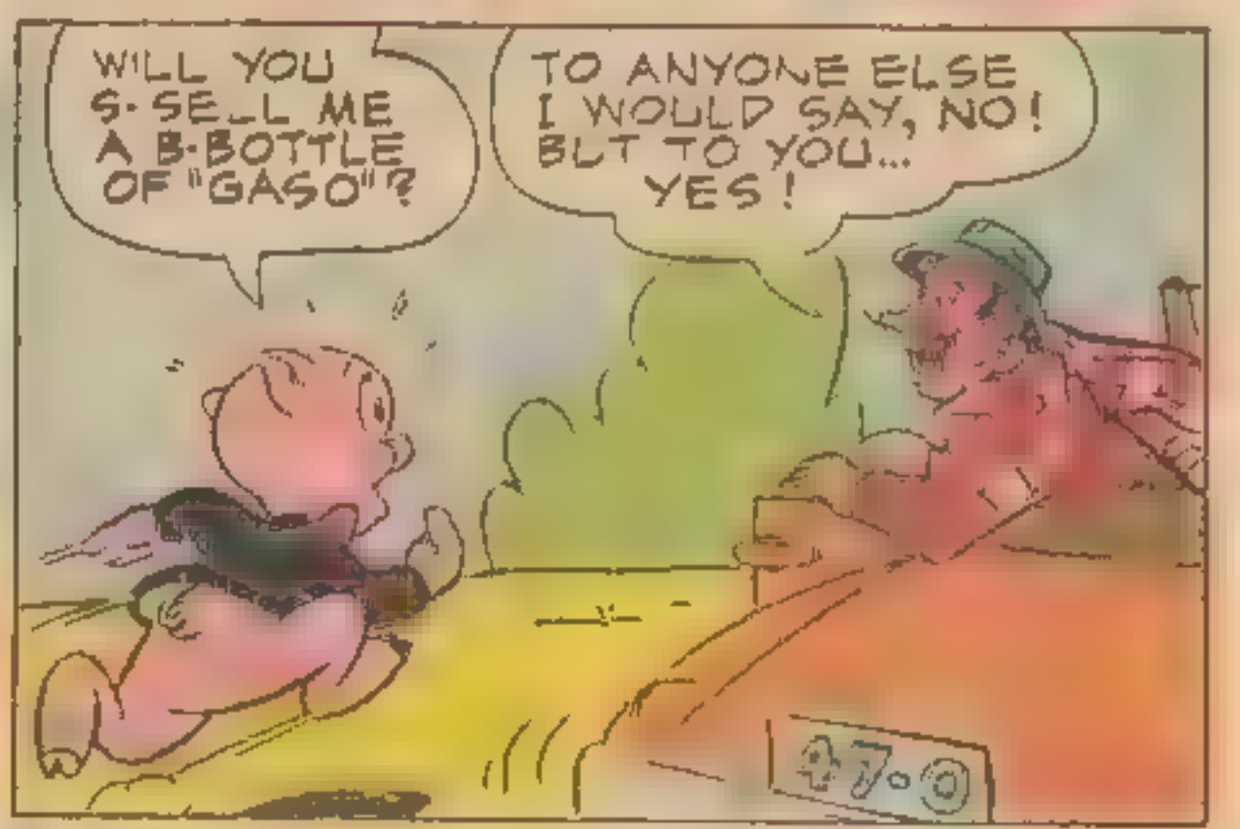

GRRR!

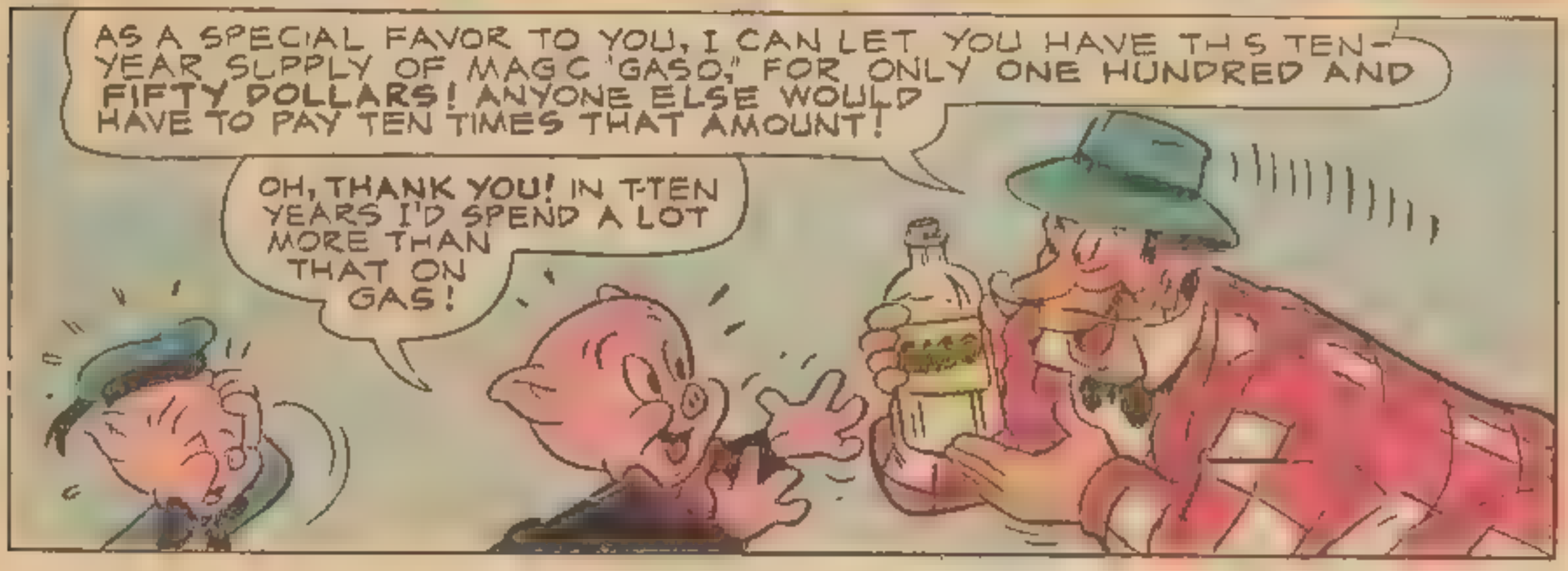

YOU! BOY! GET OUT FROM UNDER THE CAR! I MIGHT BACK OVER YOU!
CICERO!


WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY CRAWLING UNDER THE GENTLEMAN'S C-CAR?


BUT, PORKY, I...
YOU SHOULD KNOW B-BETTER THAN THAT!


THANKS FOR THE LOAN OF YOUR HOSE, BOYS!
OH, J-JUST A MINUTE, S-SIR!


WILL YOU S-SELL ME A B-BOTTLE OF "GASO"?
TO ANYONE ELSE I WOULD SAY, NO! BUT TO YOU... YES!


AS A SPECIAL FAVOR TO YOU, I CAN LET YOU HAVE THIS TEN-YEAR SUPPLY OF MAGIC 'GASO,' FOR ONLY ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS! ANYONE ELSE WOULD HAVE TO PAY TEN TIMES THAT AMOUNT!
OH, THANK YOU! IN T-TEN YEARS I'D SPEND A LOT MORE THAN THAT ON GAS!

C.CERO! R-RUN TO THE HOUSE AND G-GET MY PEN AND CHECKBOOK!

BUT, PORKY...

GAS

D-DO AS I T-TELL YOU, AND HURRY!

OKAY!

PORKY WON'T LISTEN TO REASON.. GEE, I WISH I COULD THINK OF A WAY TO SAVE HIS MONEY FOR HIM!

MINUTES LATER...

HERE IS MY CHECK FOR ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY D-DOLLARS!

THANKS! AND HERE IS YOUR BOTTLE OF "GASO"!

TOODLE-OO! I MUST RUN ALONG AND WORK ON MY NEXT INVENTION... A MATCHLESS MATCH! BON VOYAGE!

P-P! P-P!

G-GOOD-BYE!

NOW, PORKY... CAN I TELL YOU WHAT I SAW UNDER HIS CAR?

D-D-D HE SAY TO PUT T-TWO OR THREE DROPS IN THE GAS TANK?

GASO

PLEASE, PORKY... I'M TRYING TO TE-L YOU SOMETHING.

AFTER PUTTING THE DROPS IN HIS GAS TANK...

NOW WILL YOU LISTEN?

ER. WOO-ER ER. ER. ER. ER... ER.. R.R.R.R.

PORKY, I'VE JUST GOT TO TELL YOU WHAT I SAW UNDER HIS CAR!

OH, V-VERY WELL...

HE HAD TWO GAS TANKS UNDER HIS CAR! ONE OF THEM WAS A FAKE TANK FOR HOLDING THE WATER!

EEK! I'VE BEEN SWINDLED! ROBBED!

MY CHECK! I'LL CALL THE B-BANK AND HAVE THEM STOP PAYMENT ON IT!

IF PORKY HAD ONLY LISTENED TO ME, ALL THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!

I'M SO GLAD YOU CALLED, MISSUS SNODGRASS... I HAVE A MILLION THINGS TO TELL YOU! FIRST...

LINE'S BUSY, HUH?

Y-YES! WE'LL HAVE TO RUN TO THE B-BANK!

WHAT CRUST! SOMEBODY WAS LISTENING IN!

I HOPE WE WON'T BE T-TOO LATE!

MEANWHILE...

BANK

TELLER

THIS GASOLINE GAG OF MINE WILL MAKE ME RICH! HEH, HEH!

KINDLY CASH PORKY PIG'S CHECK FOR ME! I'VE ALREADY ENDORSED IT ON THE BACK WITH MY NAME!

YES, SIR!

MAKE IT SNAPPY, MY GOOD FELLOW!

ONE MOMENT, S.R., WHILE I CHECK PORKY PIG'S ACCOUNT!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? HE DOES HAVE FUNDS HERE, DOESN'T HE?

YES, SIR! BUT WE ALWAYS LOOK AT THE BANK ACCOUNT ON ALL CHECKS OVER FIFTY DOLLARS!

POLICE

TWO MINUTES LATER...

BANK

CICERO, LOOK! THE COPS!

WHEEEEEEE..

WHEEEEEEEEE..

SCREEE..

THE COPS!

AFTER HIM, MEN! IT'S GASOLINE GUS!

WE'VE GOT HIM CORNERED THIS TIME!

AM I TOO LATE? D.D YOU CASH M-MY CHECK FOR THAT M-MAN?

NO, PORKY!

I BECAME A WEE B.T SUSPI.C.OUS AND CALLED THE PO_ICE.. WHEN HE GAVE ME A BLANK CHECK!

A B-BLANK CHECK!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY IT WAS B-BLANK! I GAVE HIM THAT CHECK AND IT WAS MADE OUT FOR ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY D-DOLLARS!

OH, BOY! T WORKED!

YOU WROTE THAT CHECK WITH THE FOUNTAIN PEN FROM MY MAGIC JUNIOR G-MAN SET! IT WAS FILLED WITH DISAPPEARING INK!

D-DISAPPEARING INK!

RIGHT... AND IT FADED OUT BY THE TIME HE GOT TO THE BANK!

THEN WHY D-DIDN'T YOU T-TELL ME?

I WASN'T SURE ABOUT THE INK FADING! BUT IT WORKED SWELL!

AND THANKS T-TO YOU, CICERO, I STILL HAVE MY MONEY IN THE BANK!

COME ON, JUNIOR G-MAN... LET'S G GET ON THE TRAIL OF A CHOC MALT... MY TREAT!

ELMER FUDD and Daffy

TA, TA, ELMER! I'LL BE BACK FOR SUPPER!

THAT'S WHAT I'M AFWAID OF!

EVWY TME THAT CWAZY DUCK COMES HERE HE EATS ALL MY GWOCERIES AND WUINS MY HOUSE!

I NEVER SAW SUCH DWEADFUL MANNERS!

LATER.

WHEW! AT LAST MY HOUSE IS CLEAN! I'LL NEVER ALLOW THAT WASCAL ON THE PWEMISES AGAIN!

WHO COULD BE WINGING ME NOW?

RINGG

HELLO!

HELLO! IS THIS ELMER? TH.S IS YOUR OL' FRIEND AN' B_DDY, DAFFY DUCK!

I DON'T DARE LET HIM KNOW I'M HOME OR HE'LL COME AWOUND AGAIN!

HELLO! HELLO!

I'M AFWAID YOU HAVE THE WONG NUMBER! GOOD-BYE!

?

HE SAID QUOTE, "I'M AFWAID YOU HAVE THE WONG NUMBER," UNQUOTE!

CLICK

YAK! YAK!

IF I HAD ANY SENSE, I'D NEVER AGAIN GO NEAR HIS SILLY L'L OLD HOUSE...

...BUT WHO SAID I HAD ANY SENSE? WOO! WOO! BESIDES I'M HUNGRY!

OH, GWACIOUS! HERE HE COMES!

I'LL PWETEND I'M NOT HOME!

OPEN UP! OPEN UP!

HE'S DWIVING ME MAD!

I'LL GIVE YOU TEN TO OPEN UP!

BANG!

BANG

I'LL PLAY A PWACTICAL JOKE ON HIM!

NO, I CAN'T COUNT THAT HIGH.. I'LL COUNT TO TWELVE!

ONE FOUR SEVEN FIVE, NINE.

COME IN!

OF ALL TH' SHABBY TREATMENT! A BODY WOULD THINK I'M NOT WELCOME AROUND HERE!

CLUNK

(CHUCKLE, CHUCKLE) THAT FIXED HIM!

OH, DEAR... I'M AFWAID HE WAS HIT PRETTY HARD!

PLOP!

I MUST WEV VE HIM!

WHERE AM I? WHO AM I?

STOP THIS SILLY PWETENDING, DAFFY DUCK!

DAFFY DUCK! YOU ARE MISTAKEN, SIRE!

IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME NOW! I AM RONALD DUCKSWORTH III!

CLICK!

WONALD DUCKSWORTH! A LIKELY STOWY!

THE BLOW I RECEIVED ON MY HEAD HAS RESTORED MY MEMORY!

INTWESTING, IF TWUE!

FOR YEARS I HAVE BEEN THE VICTIM OF AMNESIA!

FOR YEARS YOU HAVE CAUSED ME A GWEAT DEAL OF TWOUBLE!

AH! MY FRIEND, IT GRIEVES ME TO LEARN I HAVE BEEN A BOTHER!

HMM, HE SEEMS TO BE SPEAK NG THE TWUTH!

DON'T YOU SEE SIR I HAVE NOT BEEN MY TRUE SELF!

I WEALLY BEL EVE HE IS SINCERE!

AS HER TO THE DUCKSWORTH FORTUNE, I WILL REPAY YOU HANDSOMELY!

POOR FELLOW! I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE NOT IN YOUR WIGHT MIND!

I HAVE DONE YOU A GWAVE INJUSTICE! ALLOW ME TO WEPAY YOU!

OH, NO SIR!

IT IS I WHO AM INDEBTED TO YOU! DO ME THE HONOR OF DINING WITH ME THIS EVENING!

NO WONALD!

I WILL PWEPARE DINNER FOR YOU...HERE!

CERTAINLY SIR! IF IT IS YOUR PLEASURE!

I DO WISH YOU HAD NOT GONE TO SO MUCH TROUBLE DEAR, DEAR, MR DUFF!

HE IS COMPLETELY CHANGED! HE WILL BE A GWAND FWIEND TO HAVE!

WHY, WONALD, YOU HAVE EATEN PWACTICALLY NOTHING!

I HAVE HAD QUITE ENOUGH, ELMER...ER, IF I MAY CALL YOU ELMER?

THE DINNER WAS DELICIOUS! BUT I AM A MODERATE EATER!

MY! HOW HE HAS CHANGED!

I AM VERY GRATEFUL FOR YOUR SPLENDID HOSPITALITY!

IT WAS NOTHING WEALLY!

PLEASE WELATE THE STOWY OF YOUR LIFE, WONALD!

I'LL BE DELIGHTED TO, ELMER, MY FRIEND!

IN MY YOUTH, I ENJOYED ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF WEALTH AND CULTURE!

I CAN SEE YOU ARE THE PWODUCT OF GOOD BWEEDING AND WEFINEMENT!

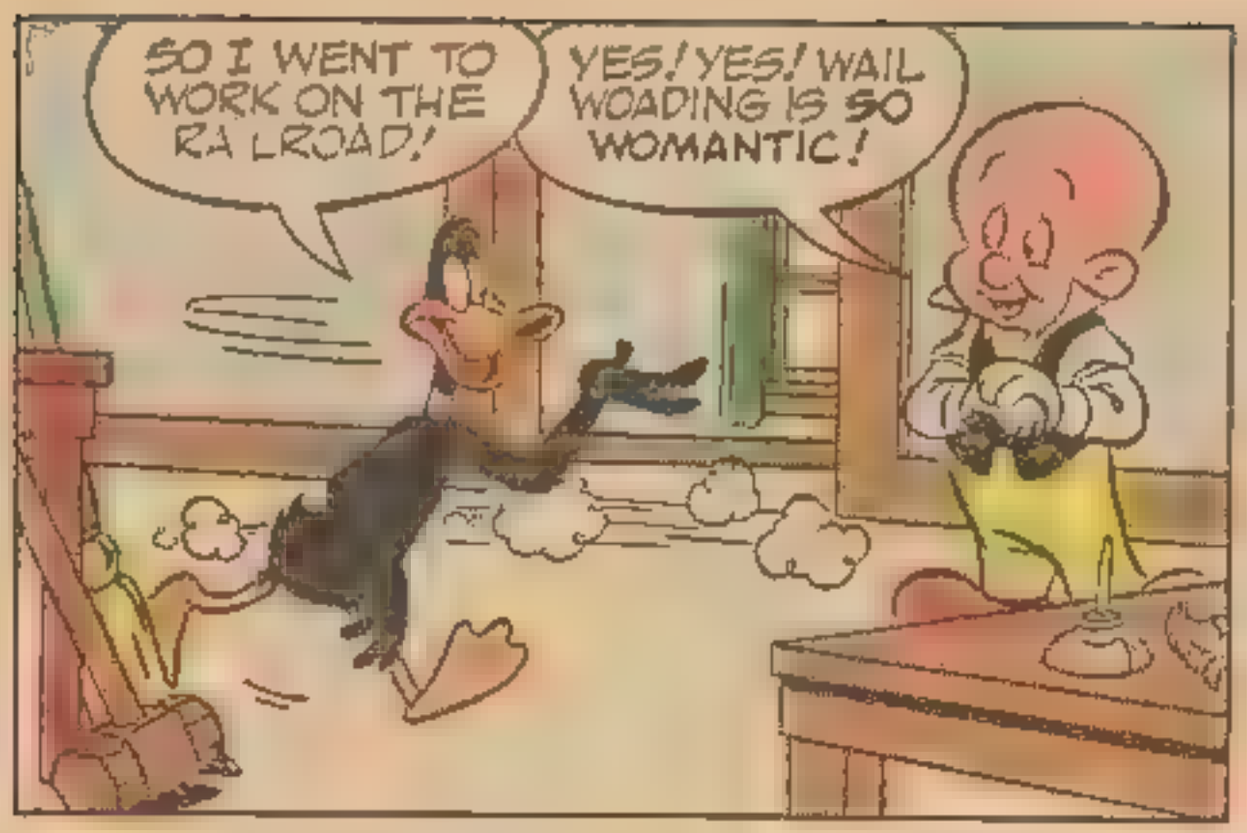
VEWY KIND OF YOU, SIR!

IN SPITE OF ALL MY WEALTH AND SOCIAL POSITION, I DETERMINED TO MAKE MY OWN WAY IN THE WORLD!

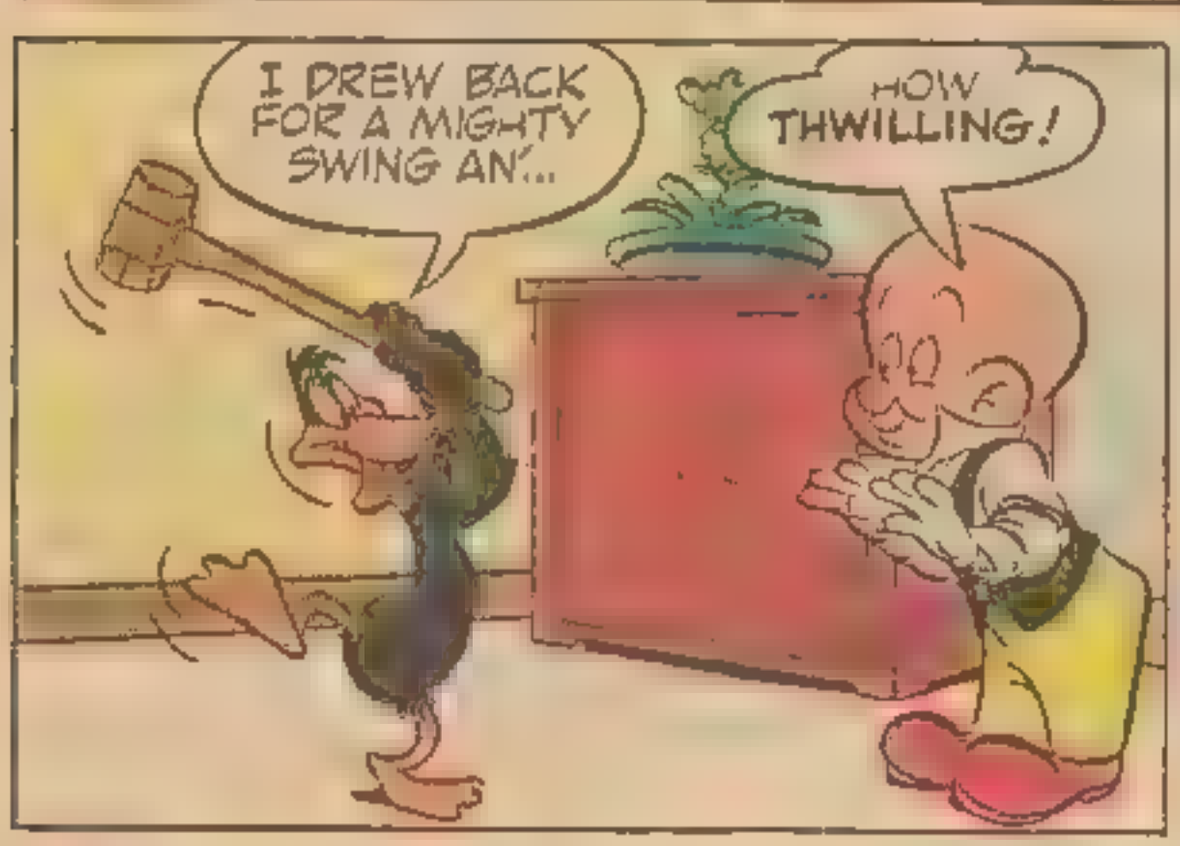
HOW BWAVE!

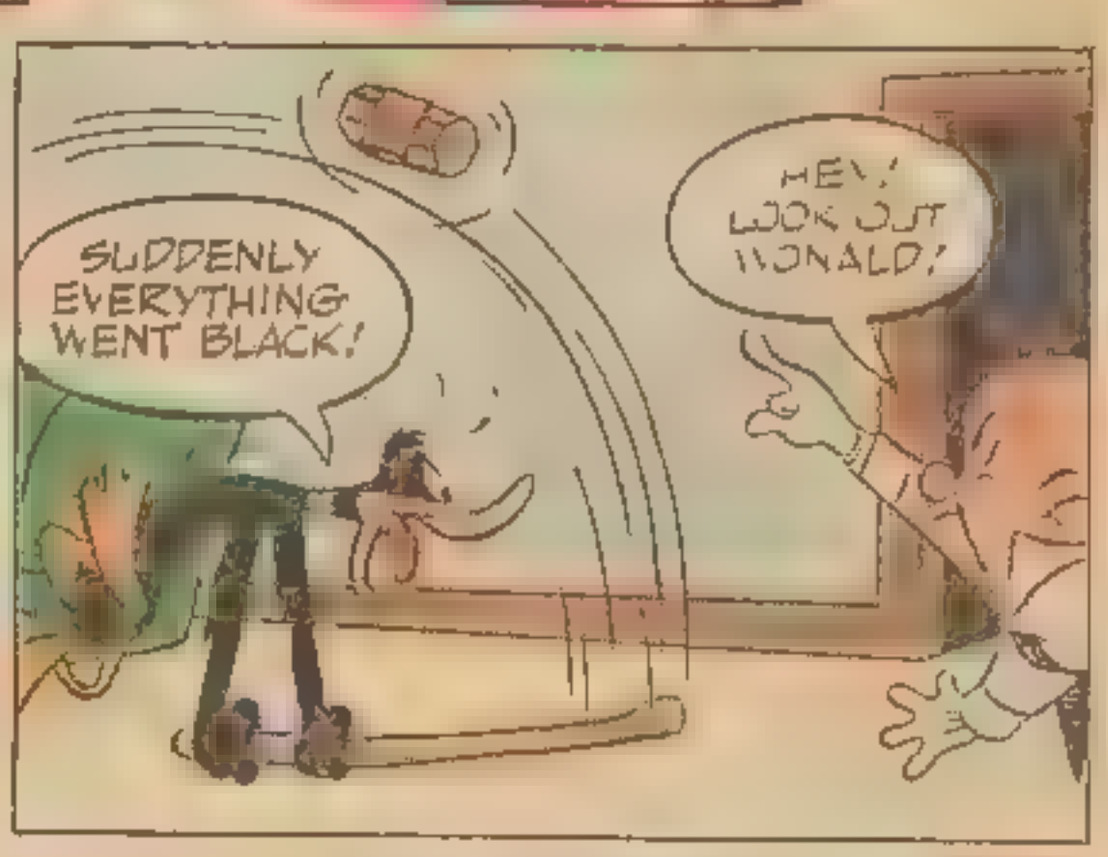
I WANTED TO BE EDUCATED IN THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS!

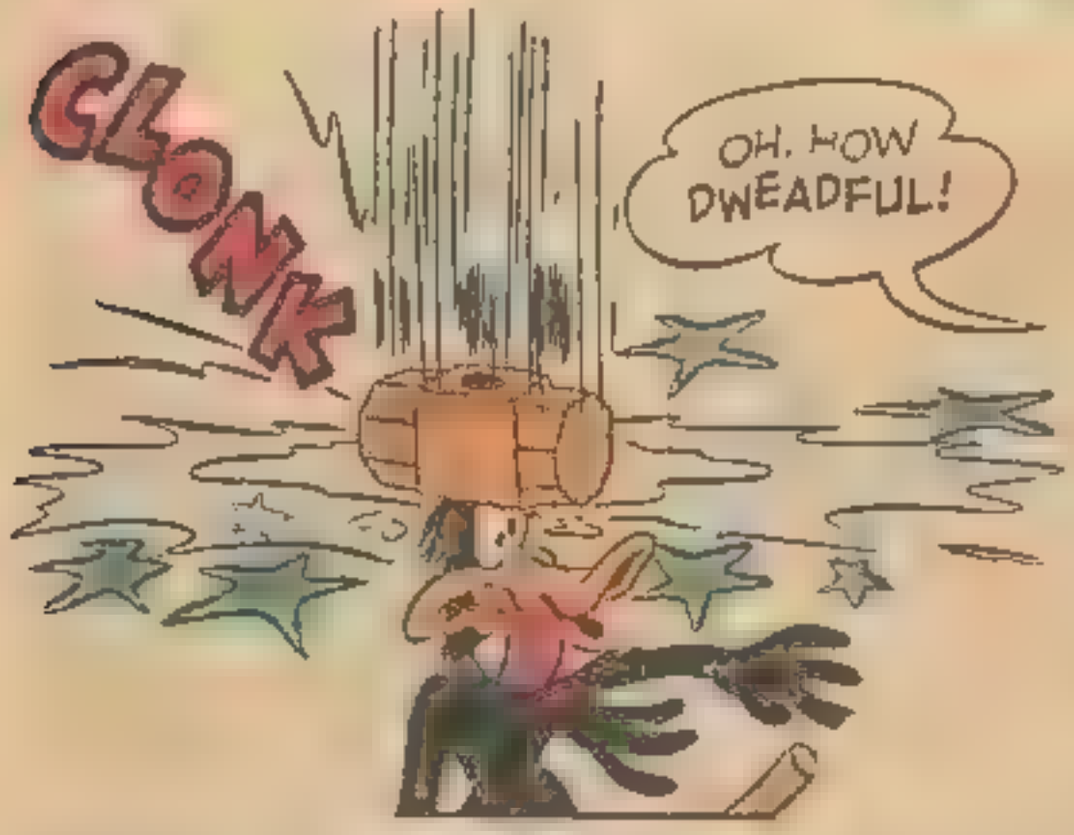
WHAT COUWAGE!

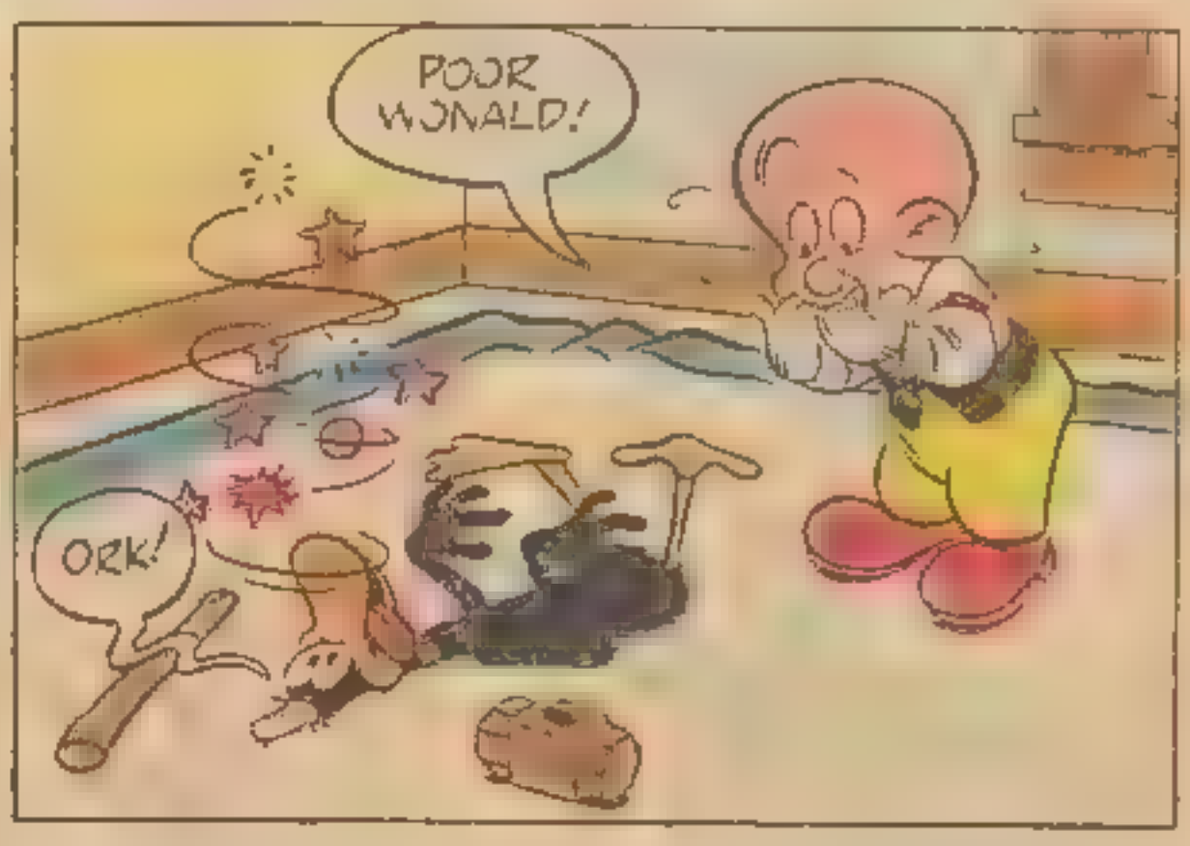

SO I WENT TO WORK ON THE RA LROAD!
YES! YES! WAIL WOADING IS SO WOMANTIC!

WITH SLEDGE HAMMER IN HAND I PREPARED TO DRIVE MY FIRST STAKE!

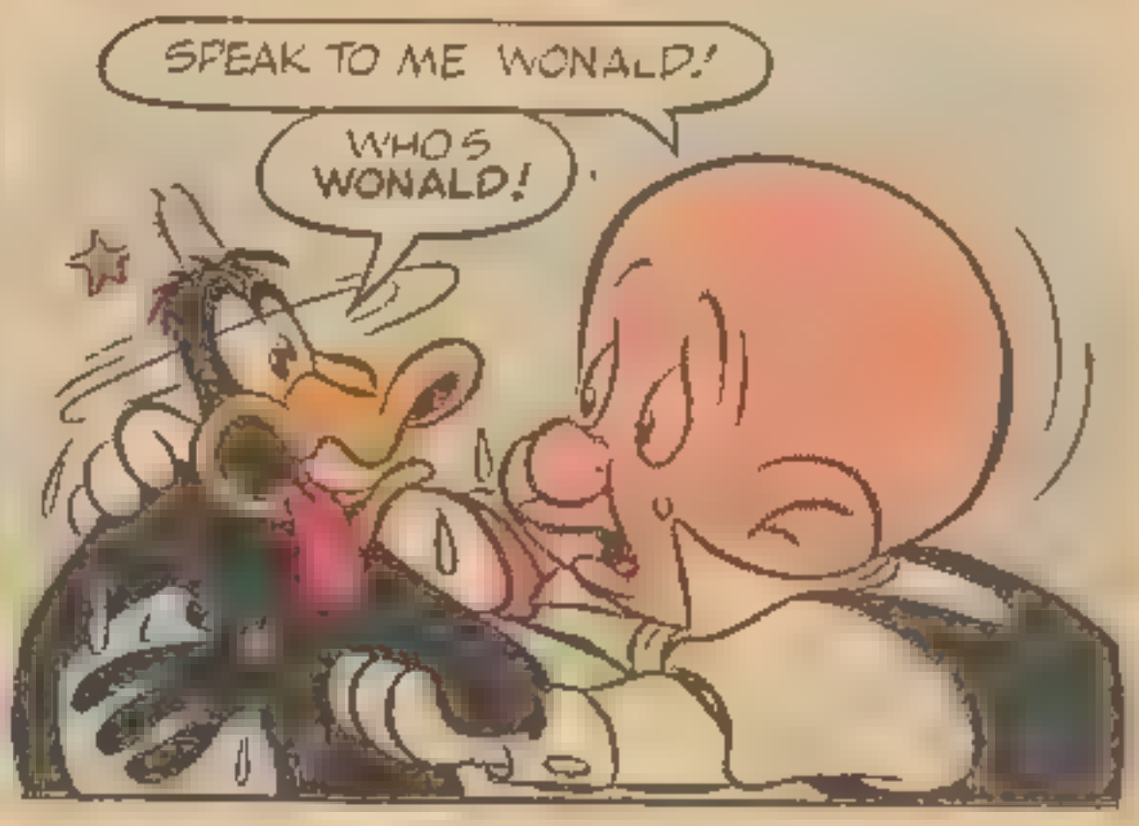

I DREW BACK FOR A MIGHTY SWING AN'...
HOW THWILLING!


SUDDENLY EVERYTHING WENT BLACK!
HEY! WOOK OUT WONALD!


CLONK
OH, HOW DWEADFUL!


POOR WONALD!
ORK!

SPLASH
I WILL WEVIVE HIM AGAIN!


SPEAK TO ME WONALD!
WHO'S WONALD!

I'M DAFFY DUCK! WOO! WOO! WOO!

OH, NO!

AS I WAS ABOUT TO SAY WHEN I CAME IN... WHEN'S CHOW TIME?

BUT YOU JUST ATE!

I ATE? ARE YOU TRYIN' TO BE FUNNY? WHY...I...ER... ER...WHAT'S THIS?

OH, THAT HE WOULD BE WONALD AGA N!

IT'S PLAIN TO SEE THAT I DIDN'T EAT...WITH ALL THIS FOOD LEFT!

GWACIOUS' I MUST WESTORE HIM TO H.S TWUE SELF!

GRRR!

I HATE TO WESORT TO VIOLENCE BUT...

WOO! WOO! SOME CHOW!

SLURP!

MY FWIEND WONALD W LL SOON BE BACK WITH ME AGAIN!

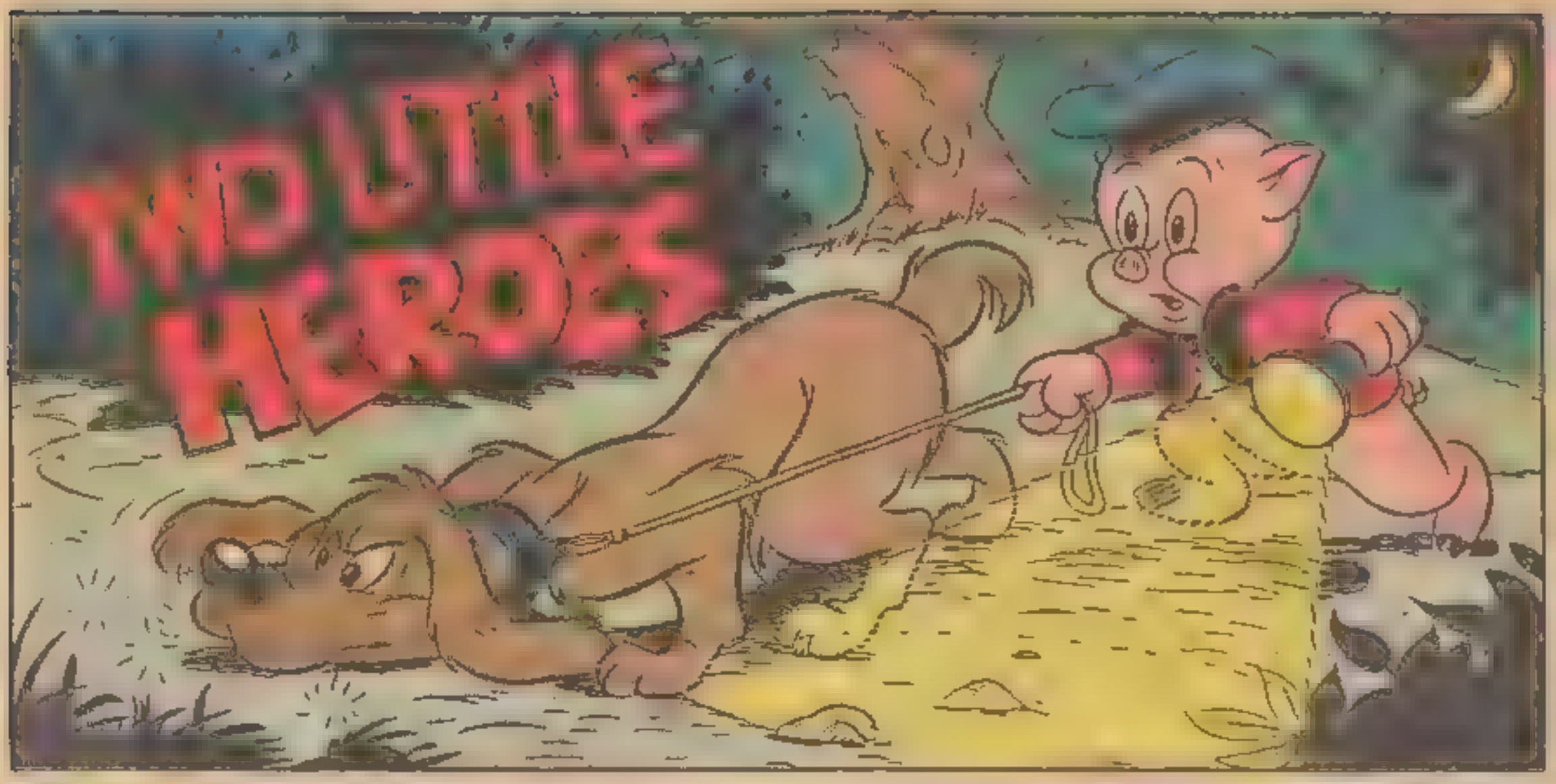
HUH!

DWAT IT! I MISSED HIM!

HALP! LET ME OUTA HERE!

WA T! I JUST WANT TO MAKE YOU WONALD AGAIN!

AN' THEY CALL ME DAFFY!



Down a narrow mountain trail, which led to Camp Itchyscratchy, trudged nine dirty-faced, weary little hikers. The tenth, young Cicero Pig, was as dirty as the others, but he showed no signs of weariness. He swung smartly along in the lead singing the camp marching song. No all-day hike could wear HIM out. Bringing up the rear, as usual, lagged Bugs Bunny, with his pal, Porky Pig, urging him to hurry.

A half hour later, while the sky was ablaze with an orange glow from the setting sun, the noisy campers were seated under the trees, at a long wooden table, driving the poor cook nearly mad with their nightly ritual. They were beating a tattoo on the table with their knives and forks, and chanting in loud rhythm, "FOOD! FOOD! Food, food, food! Give us spuds and lots of steak! Bread and milk, ice cream and cake! FOOD! FOOD! Food, food, food!"

The cook, his ears stuffed with cotton, knew the only way to maintain peace was to give them their supper. So he rushed in with steaming dishes heaped high and set them on the table in double quick time. Only then did a peaceful calmness settle over the camp. Even Brownie, the cook's dog, stopped his excited barking and settled down beside Cicero, his favorite camper, to beg for a handout.

At last the cook breathed a sigh of relief and started to remove the cotton from his ears. But just then, the camp was thrown into a turmoil again! "Where's Bugs and Porky?" Cicero shouted.

Startled, the boys turned questioning eyes first toward Cicero and then toward the two empty places at the table. Where WERE Bugs and Porky?

"We musta lost 'em!" cried one of the boys.

Several others leaped to their feet. "We'd better go find 'em!"

"Don't get excited, boys!" said Mister Kitclaw, the camp director. "They probably stopped somewhere on the trail to rest."

The boys relaxed. Of course, that was it. No need to worry. They would be along soon.

But, an hour later, when supper was over and Mister Kitclaw was piling up wood for their nightly campfire, and Bugs and Porky were STILL missing, everybody became worried. Where COULD they be?

"You fellows build the fire," said Mister Kitclaw. "I'm going to backtrack along the trail with my flashlight. Maybe Bugs and Porky are having trouble finding their way in the darkness."

"I'll go with you!" volunteered Cicero.

"No, Cicero!" answered Mister Kitclaw. "You're too YOUNG!"

But, later that night, after the boys had gone to bed, and Mister Kitclaw had not returned with Bugs and Porky, Cicero could stand the suspense no longer. His pals were lost and HE was going to find them.

Crawling quietly out of bed, he dressed in the darkness. Then, tiptoeing out of the bunkhouse and around the director's cabin, he made his way to the cook's tent.

"Brownie!" he called in a whisper.

"Woof! Woof!" answered Brownie, leaping up from the ground in front of the tent where he had been sleeping.

"Shhhh!" warned Cicero. "You wanna wake everybody up?"

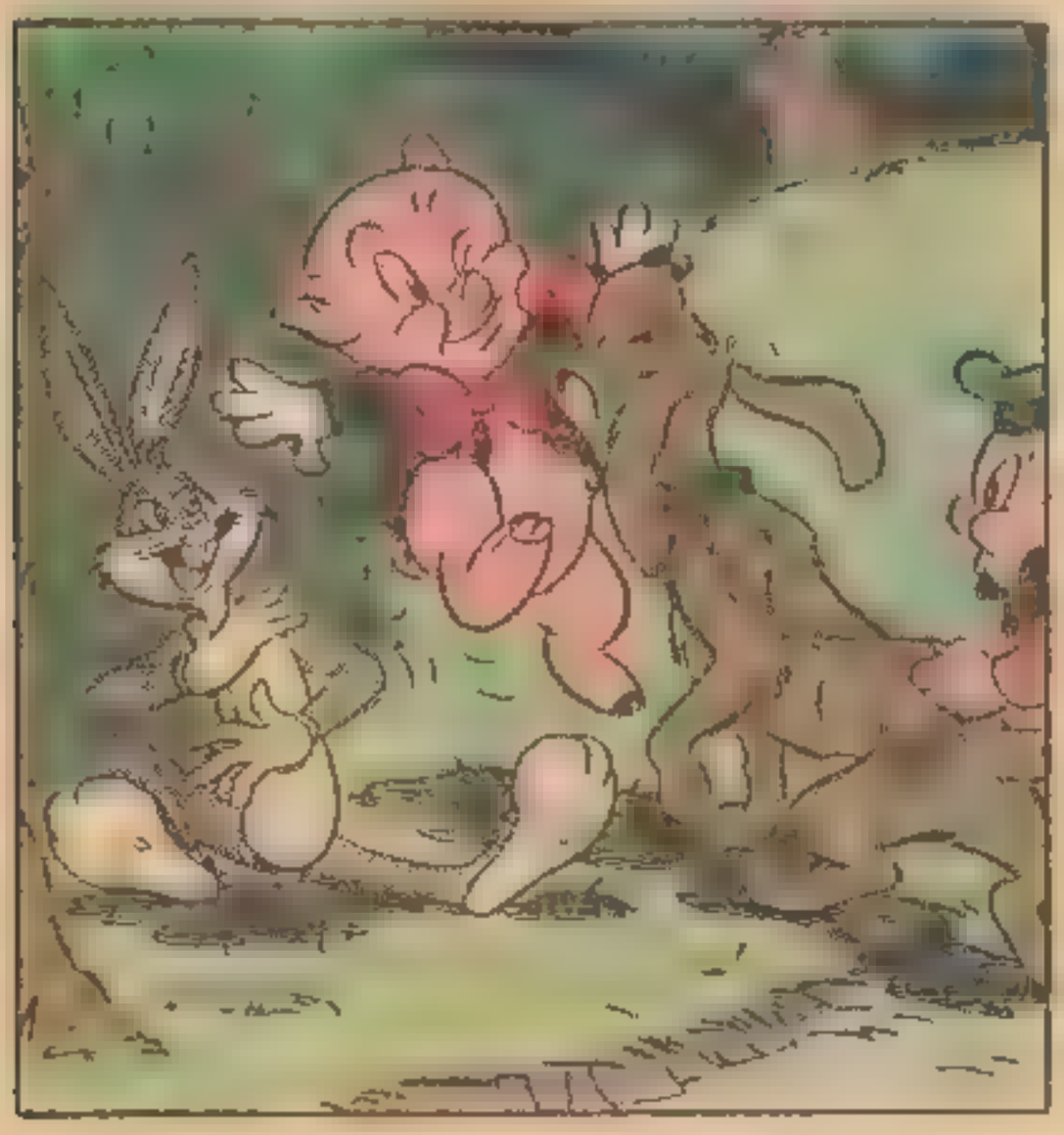
Commanding Brownie to follow him, Cicero hurried back to the bunkhouse, got a rope and tied it to Brownie's collar. Then, lifting the flashlight off its hook on the wall, he and Brownie started out to find Bugs and Porky.

Little Brownie was no bloodhound. But he sensed that he was expected to find somebody, so he tried his best to act like one. Sniffing along with his nose close to the ground, Brownie led Cicero up the trail. About midway he turned off onto a grassy spot, stopped and barked.

With the aid of his flashlight, Cicero examined the crushed grass. "Guess Mister Kitclaw was right," he said to Brownie. "Looks like they stopped here to rest. Come on, boy! Find them!"

Brownie ran around the spot sniffing and barking. Then suddenly jerked Cicero forward, almost upsetting him, as he started toward a nearby clump of trees.

Cicero held tightly to the rope as Brownie led him through the underbrush. If he let go, no telling where Brownie would dash to. And



he would certainly hate to be in this dark forest all alone. It was such a scary place.

Suddenly, it happened! Brownie jerked the rope out of Cicero's hand and raced ahead, barking furiously! In the confusion, Cicero dropped the flashlight and it went out.

"Brownie! Brownie!" screamed Cicero, stumbling after the dog in wild panic.

SMACK! he hit a soft body and went down. The next moment, Bugs, Porky, Cicero, and Brownie were all tangled up together in the darkness.

After straightening themselves out and quieting Brownie, Cicero asked, "How did you guys ever get way out here?"

"Well, Cicero, it's like this," explained Bugs. "We stopped to rest, then took a short cut an' . . ."

"Got l-lost!" interrupted Porky. "And we c-couldn't find our way out of these t-trees!"

"Woof! Woof!" barked Brownie, meaning "Don't worry, Pals! I'll get you out!"

And Brownie knew what he was woofing about. For, sure enough, he led them safely back to Camp Itchyscratchy, where they were surrounded by a gang of happy but sleepy boys and a surprised and relieved Mister Kitclaw.

"And I thought you were too YOUNG, Cicero!" smiled Mister Kitclaw. "Just goes to show you AGE has nothing to do with bravery and heroism!"

In answer, the two little heroes yawned sleepily.

Warner Bros. Cartoons, Inc. present

Mary Jane and Sniffles

Oh, Sniffles... isn't this a perfectly lovely day?

It sure is, Mary Jane! It's just right for lying in the sun!

Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could lie in the sun at the seaside!

Well, we can't go to the ocean, but we can sure *listen* to it!

But the ocean is much too far away to hear!

You can hear it any old time just by putting your ear to a sea shell!

Oh, dear! I don't have a sea shell to my name!

I bet an old snail shell would do! Make yourself small and we'll look for some!

Now I shut my eyes real tight,
And then I wish with all my might,
Magic words of poof, poof, piffles,
Make me just as small as Sniffles!

Now where does one look for old snail shells?

Not far, Mary Jane! There's one already!

I don't hear a thing!

Me, either! It's the quietest snail shell I ever listened to!

Hey! Put me down!
Gracious!
It's alive!
Oh! It's only you two, eh? Where are the others? Are they gone?
Is who gone?
Those tough rats from Sloppy Hollow! They were out looking for house building stuff!
(Gasp!) They got poor Jad Turtle! He was right there... curled up inside his shell... snoozin' in the sun!
Whillikers! They plan to use his shell for a house!
Come on, Mary Jane! We've got to tell them they made a mistake!
Moments later...
There they are! My, what a lot of little hooligans!
SLOPPY HOLLOW
They're toughies, all right!
We're sure in luck today!
It'll sure make a swell house!
Yep! It's a real keen piece of junk!
Where am I? This isn't where I went to sleep!
Hey! What are you doin' in our house?

Okay, wise guy! Beat it! Get out of our house! Vacate!

I can't get out of it! It's sorta built on to me!

Listen! Do you want me to get a can opener and...

For shame! You leave that little turtle alone!

He was born and raised with that house around him!

Gosh! I better hide m'self till this blows over!

Don't bother us, girlie! We know how to handle his kind!

Hey, boss! He's gone! Look!

After him, boys!

He'll never get away from us!

We'll find him all right!

Quick, Jad! Now's your chance to make a run for it!

Hurry! Before they come back!

Me? A turtle? Make a run for it? Are you kiddin'?

We'll turn you over and push you away in a jiffy!

Let's push him to the pond, Mary Jane!

It's too late! They're back already!

Jeepers! If they don't see me, maybe they'll go 'way!

So! It was all a trick to steal our house, eh?

Eek!

Oops!

Well, kiddies, I'm gonna take you an'...

Quick, Mary Jane! Hop on Jad's shell! The pond is right down there!

Come back you house-nappers!

Follow that house!

Whee-e-e! Next stop is Jad Turtle's home in the pond!

After them, boys!

Turn it away from that rock, Sniffles!

I can't! There's no steering wheel! Look out!

TOK!

Listen, Jad!..When I knock on your shell, you pst... pst...

What's the big idea, anyway?

We're just trying to help you! You don't know it, but you stole a haunted house!

Oh, dear! It looks as if they'll get poor Jad, after all!

How do you think that fellow in it vanished so fast? He was a **ghost!**

Aw, go on! Nobody believes in...

Yeek! He's right! It **is** haunted!

I'm gettin' out of here!

Back to Sloppy Hollow!

Come on! There's no place like home in an old tin can!

Jee, hee! See how they run!

Ha, ha!

I guess that'll teach 'em to mess with us turtles!

An I guess I'll have to teach **you** to mess with us rats! Ghosts, indeed! Did you think **I'd** fall for that stuff?

(Ulp!) The boss rat!

BOSS

I brought m' little dandy can opener, an' I'm gonna kick him outa that house for good!

Gulp!

Wait! Jad is a swell swimmer! Nows your chance to **have** a houseboat all your own!

By Jeepers, that's an idea!

Shove off, houseboat! I'm addin' this here pond to Sloppy Hollow! It's **all** **mine**... from shore to shore!

BOSS

You bet! And it's all his from top to bottom, too... eh, Jad?

I get you, Sniffles! The pond is all his from top to bottom! Hee, hee!

Right!

Avast there! You're gettin' m' feet wet!

Come on! I'm goin to show you the bottom of your pond!

Halp! I'll drown! This is mutiny!

You'd better jump! **Quick!** Onto that lily pond!

The boys'll never talk to me again! I guess I'll hafta join the frogs!

Come on, Mary Jane 'n' Sniffles! Li'l chums like you deserve a sight-seeing cruse around the pond!

Aw, have a heart, fellas! Get me off this blasted vegetable!

No more rides for you, ya big sissy!

Golly! I've heard of rats deserting sinking ships, but this is the first time one ever deserted a sinking turtle!

Tee, hee!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. PRESENT

HENERY HAWK

WHY THE CROSSED FINGERS, HENERY?

I GOT 'EM CROSSED SO I'LL BE SURE TO GET WHAT I WANT FOR MY BIRTHDAY TOMORROW!

MY, MY! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT CROSSING YOUR FINGERS WON'T MAKE ONE BIT OF DIFFERENCE?

IT'S TIME YOU STOPPED BEING SO SUPERSTITIOUS, HENERY! ONLY IMMATURE MINDS BELIEVE IN THAT NONSENSE!

OKAY, OKAY!

JUST LEAVE ME AND MY IMMATURE MIND ALONE, OLLIE!

NOT YET, HENERY!

NOT UNTIL I HAVE PROVED HOW FOOLISH YOU ARE IN YOUR BELIEFS!

NOW TAKE THIS LADDER, FOR INSTANCE! YOU WOULDN'T THINK OF WALKING UNDER IT, WOULD YOU?

NOPE!

SEE? THERE'S NOTHING TO IT! NOW I SUPPOSE YOU THINK SOMETHING DREADFUL WILL HAPPEN TO ME!

WELL...

OOPS!

KLUNK!

SPLASH!

GLUB!

SORRY, PAL! THAT BUCKET JUST SORTA SLIPPED OUTA MY HAND!

ER, YEB! HRUMPF... IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT!

HEH, HEH!

NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT BEING SUPERSTITIOUS, OLLIE?

THAT WAS MERELY A COINCIDENCE, HENERY... NOTHING MORE!

JUST THE SAME, I'M GONNA KNOCK ON WOOD SO NO COINCIDENCES HAPPEN TO ME!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

TSK, TSK!

KNOCKING ON WOOD IS ANOTHER RIDICULOUS HABIT, HENERY! HAS NO VALUE WHATEVER!

IT HAS FOR ME!

YEOW!

ANOTHER COINCIDENCE, OLLIE? HEH, HEH!

THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU, HENERY HAWK!

PUT UP YOUR DUKES AND I SHALL REMOVE THAT GRIN FROM YOUR FACE!

SORRY, OLLIE... I CAN'T FIGHT TODAY!

IT WOULD MEAN UNCROSSING MY FINGERS... WHICH I WONT DO!

'FRAIDY CAT.!

'FRAIDY CAT, HUH? JUST WAIT TILL AFTER TOMORROW AND I'LL SHOW YOU A THING OR TWO!

TUT, TUT.! RUN ALONG, HENERY!

I HAVE CONQUERED MY TEMPER!, THERE WILL BE NO FISTICUFFS!

LUCKY FOR YOU!

HENERY! MY GOODNESS.! DO YOU STILL HAVE YOUR FINGERS CROSSED?

YEP! THIS IS THE LAST DAY, MOM.!

GRACIOUS SAKES! I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR PRESENT AHEAD OF TIME SO YOU CAN UNCROSS THEM!

REALLY?

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HENERY! I HOPE YOU LIKE IT.!

THANKS! I'LL SOON FIND OUT!

YIPPEE! A BALL AND BAT! JUST WHAT I WANTED!

WHEW! THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT!

THANKS AGAIN, MOM!

I'VE GOTTA GO SHOW OLLIE AND DO A LITTLE GLOATIN'!

OLLIE! IT WORKED! I GOT JUST WHAT I WANTED!... A BALL AND BAT!

HMM!

YOUR PARENTS EVIDENTLY OVERHEARD YOU SAY WHAT YOU WANTED!

NOPE! I NEVER OPENED MY BEAK ABOUT WHAT I WANTED!

IT WAS ALL DUE TO KEEPING MY FINGERS CROSSED! ...WHICH PROVES BEING SUPERSTITIOUS ISN'T NONSENSE, AFTER ALL!

OH, LET'S PLAY BALL, HENERY!

I'M TIRED OF WASTING WORDS ON YOU!

THEN STOP TALKING AND START PITCHING!

WHAP!

BOY! WHAT A SOCK!

GULP!

CRASH!

A BROKEN WINDOW! THAT MEANS SEVEN YEARS BAD LUCK FOR ME!

THERE YOU GO AGAIN!

YOU DIDN'T TOUCH THE BALL, HENERY! I THREW IT AND THE BAT HIT IT!... SO WHERE DO YOU COME IN?

GEE, THAT'S RIGHT!

THEN SINCE YOU WERE THE LAST ONE TO TOUCH THE BALL, YOU'RE IN FOR THE BAD LUCK!

PRECISELY!

AND IF NOTHING HAPPENS TO ME DURING THE NEXT SEVEN YEARS, WILL YOU THEN BE CONVINCED THAT SUPERSTITION IS NONSENSE?

YEAH... I GUESS SO...

BUT JUST THE SAME, OLLIE! I'D BE AWFUL CAREFUL IF I WERE YOU!

FIDDLE FADDLE!

HEY, YOU GUYS...

WHICH ONE OF YOU BROKE MY WINDOW?

AHEM!

UH, OH!

I'LL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR IT, SIR!

WELL, I SHOULD TURN YOU IN TO THE POLICE, BUT I WON'T...

YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN ENOUGH TROUBLE DURING THE NEXT SEVEN YEARS!

YOU, TOO?

IF I WERE YOU, I'D SURE BE ON MY GUARD!

TSK! TSK!

SEE, HENERY? HE WASN'T EVEN MAD AT ME! DO YOU CALL THAT BAD LUCK?

NO I GUESS NOT, OLLIE!

I HOPE I HAVE FINALLY CONVINCED YOU HOW FOOLISH YOU'VE BEEN, HENERY!

WELL...

UH, OH!

BREAD AND BUTTER!

OH, I GIVE UP!

YOU MIGHT AS WELL KEEP ON BEING SUPERSTITIOUS, HENERY! I'M AFRAID THERE'S NO HOPE FOR YOU!

NOPE! I GUESS NOT!

NEXT MORNING...

BIRDVILLE BLATTER

OLLIE OWL IN FREAK ACCIDENT!

LAST EVENING, OLLIE OWL WAS HIT BY A BICYCLE AND TOSSED INTO AN OPEN MANHOLE! HE IS NOW IN BIRDVILLE HOSPITAL RECOVERING FROM HIS [illegible] LUCK

OMIGOSH!

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT!

HENERY HAWK

I HATE TO SAY, "I TOLD YOU SO", OLLIE... BUT...

NONSENSE, HENERY...

IT WAS JUST A COINCIDENCE, AND WILL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

PRESENT

Little PANCHO VANILLA

I SEE YOUR PAPACITO IS STILL FIGHTING WEETH THE BOOLS, PANCHO!

SI!

I GUESS WE ARE THE ONLY FAMILY IN THE PUEBLO THAT BUYS LINIMENT BY THE GALLON!

IT WOULD BE HEALTHIER FOR HIM IF HE WAS A MERCHANT LIKE MY PAPACITO!

RAMÓN IS RIGHT! PAPACITO SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN A BULLFIGHTER!

THAT EES FINAL, SEÑOR VAN.LLA!

?

YOU ARE FIRE! FEENISHED! DISCHARGE!

PLEASE, SEÑOR... WE DO NOT HAVE AN ENCHILADA EEN THE HOUSE!

BAH! YOU HAVE LET MY FAVORITE BOOL DENT HEES HORNS ON YOU... ADIOS, SEÑOR!

LATER...

TORO

HE CAN HAVE HEES JOB! I AM NOT FIGHTING THE BOOLS AGAIN!

PAPACITO! YOJ MEAN IT?

TAMALE FESTIVAL 1940

SI! CAN YOU NOT SEE HOW TERRIBLE IS A BOOL? NEVER AGAIN WILL I FIGHT THEM!

THEN, WHY DO YOU NOT BECOME A MERCHANT, LIKE RAMÓN'S PAPACITO?

A MERCHANT?

SI! A MERCHANT HARDLY EVER GETS BUTTED BY A BOOL!

HM-M...

HOT TAMALES! I WEEL DO EET! PEOPLE WEEL FLOCK TO BUY FROM PANCHO VANILLA, THE GREAT BOOLFIGHTER!

I KNOW. JUST THE PLACE FOR YOU, PAPACITO! ONE OF THE STORES IN THE PUEBLO IS LOOKING FOR A HELPER!

...AND SO, SEÑOR... PAPACITO WISHES TO GIVE UP BULLFIGHTING, AND LEARN TO BE A MERCHANT!

OKAY! COME INSIDE, SEÑOR VANILLA!

WHILLIKERS! AT LAST PAPACITO HAS GIVEN UP THE TERRIBLE BUSINESS OF FIGHTING WEETH THE BULLS!

CALABAZAS Y JARROS

TAZAS Y PLATILLOS

I MUST TELL RAMÓN! HE WEEL BE GLAD TO HEAR OF OUR GOOD FORTUNES!

RAMÓN! MY PAPACITO IS LEARNING TO BE A STOREKEEPER, TOO!

THEES IS TRUE?

SI! EVEN NOW HE S WORKING! COME! I WEEL SHOW YOU!

MEANWHILE...

YOU HAVE SEEN ME IN THE ARENA, SEÑOR?

SI! MANY TIMES...

AND I HAVE WONDERED WHY YOU DID NOT QUIT BEFORE THIS!

YIKE!

WHAT EES IT, SENOR VANILLA?

A BOOL! A BOOL JUST WALKED INTO YOUR POTTERY SHOP!

THAT IS ONLY CARLOS! HE COMES TO SEE ME EVERY DAY AND GET A LUMP OF SUGAR!

CARLOS?

HE IS A RETIRED FIGHTER... LIKE YOURSELF!

BUT, HE IS A GOOD BOOL! NEVER HAS HE EVEN BROKEN A CUP!

THERE EES NO GOOD BOOLS! THEY ARE TERRIBLE THEENGS!

I WEEL GET HEEM OUT OF HERE FOR YOU!

NO! PLEASE, SEÑOR VANILLA!

WHEN I LOOK HEEM EEN THE EYE, HE WILL SEE WHO EES BOSS!

NOW MAYBE YOU CAN SEE HOW TERRIBLE IS A BOOL, SEÑOR!

CRASH!

SEÑOR VANILLA!

CRASH!

BANG! CRASH!

THIS WILL PAY FOR YOUR POTTERY, SEÑOR! IT WAS WORTH IT... NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH A BULLFIGHT!

POT!

PAPACITO... AND THE RICH RANCHERO!

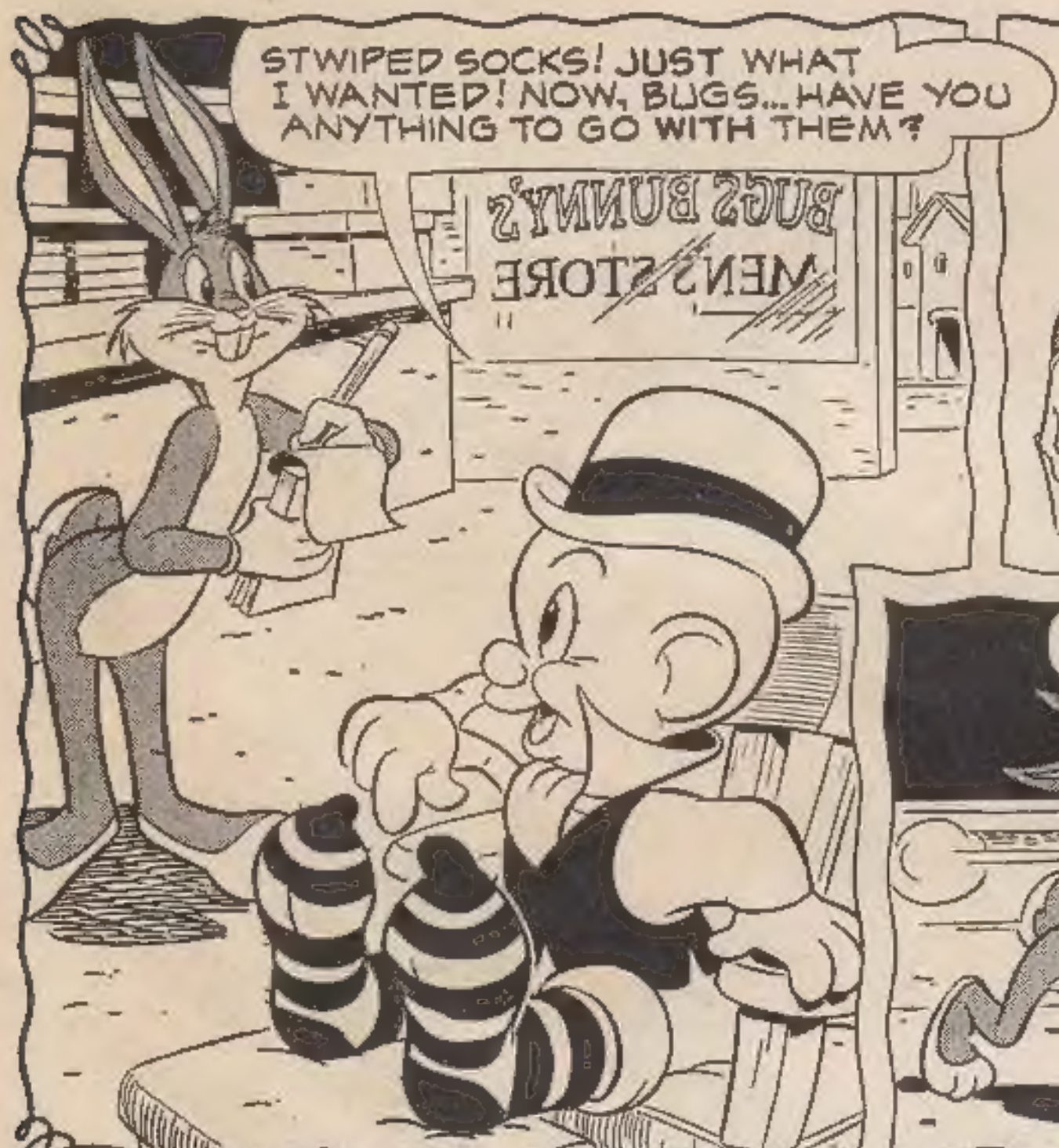
I MUST HAVE MISJUDGED YOU, SEÑOR VANILLA! ANYBODY THAT CAN GET THAT MUCH FIGHT OUT OF **OLD CARLOS**...

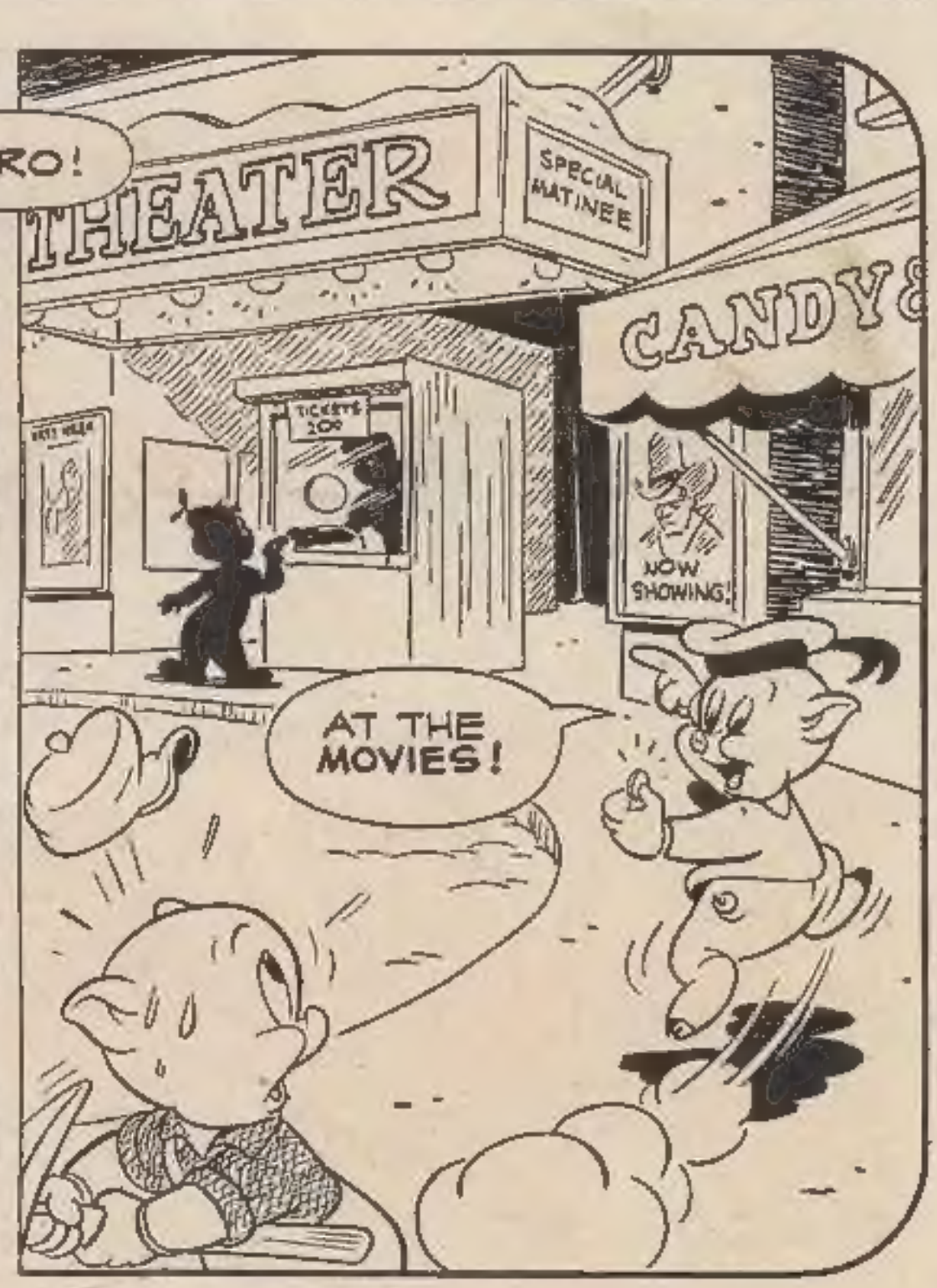
UH, OH... SOMETHING TELLS ME I WILL BE BUYING MORE **LINIMENT**, RAMON!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

Present

BUGS BUNNY Banter





Ralph KINER SPARKS TEAM IN CLUTCH!

THE PITTSBURG PIRATES ARE PLAYING A BIG GAME AWAY FROM HOME. SCORE TIED 2 TO 2 RIVAL TEAM AT BAT...

KINER PLAYS FIRST. HITLESS IN 3 TIMES AT BAT. HE TAKES RAZZING FROM RIVAL TEAM FANS...

CAN'T YOU SEE THE BALL, KINER?

YEA, OUR PITCHER'S GOT YOUR NUMBER!

IT'S A **HIGH** FOUL!

DON'T WORRY, KINER CAN'T GET IT!

I'LL SHOW 'EM I'VE GOT THAT **SPARK!**

I GOT IT!

FIRST OF NINTH. PIRATES HAVE 2 ON - 2 OUT!

COME ON, RALPH, IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

THERE'S THAT **SPARK** IN THE CLUTCH!

IT'S A HOME RUN! WE'RE AHEAD 5 TO 2!

CRACK!

GAME ENDS 5 TO 2. PIRATES ***WIN!***

GEE, RALPH, I HOPE I CAN DO THAT SOMEDAY!

YOU WILL! TRAIN HARD...EAT WELL. TRY **WHEATIES!**

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills.

WHAT HAVE **WHEATIES** GOT?

A WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT IN EVERY **WHEATIES** FLAKE. THERE'S ENERGY FOR YOU!

WHAT **SPARKS** A CHAMPION **SPARKS** YOU! AND CHAMPIONS CHOOSE **WHEATIES!** *Breakfast of Champions!*

WHEATIES

"Breakfast of Champions"